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FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

THE POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN THE TWO REPUBLICS

BY JULES BOIS

I

THE Statue of Liberty, which, as someone has said, "welcomes and enlightens" those who land in America, was given thirty years ago, by France, to the government and the people of the United States. Her illumination furnished to President Wilson the opportunity of uttering memorable words. The address of this great scholar, one of the most able of leaders, is full of ingenious and profound ideas. Concerning the actual occasion, the President has exactly expressed the motives, not artificial or temporary, but in a way, vital, which form the "long and delightful friendship" binding France and America, "which comes of a community of ideals and an identity of aim." He added, "One republic must love another republic," and he observed that "there is a common pulse in us all; there is a common contact with life; there is a common body of hope; there is a common stock of resolutions." His prophetic conclusion, that "The peace of the world is not going to be assured by the compact of nations, but by the sympathies of men," deserves to be pondered. It points out to us our conduct, for it counts upon all that is durable in the instinctive and reflective attractions of the two nations; attractions which it is our duty to all to explain and enlarge.

The points of contact between France and America are too many to enumerate and dwell upon here; we will only touch upon some of the most vivid glimpses. Essential truths bind our spirits each to each, truths as necessary to the vitality of a people as is oxygen to the lungs of a man. These truths form the consciousness of, and the reason for action. Love of Liberty is their mother; from them springs love of justice, and that love of humanity which is the mark of peoples of real strength. From them results the organisation of democracy and its attitude, within and without. Liberty creates Peace. Despotism is a fatal preparation, sooner or later, for war. "With all the respect due to those who represent forms of government other than our own," to quote Mr. Wilson again, "I may permit myself to say that a definite peace cannot come so long as the destinies of humanity shall be in the hands of little groups who let themselves be influenced by their own selfish ends."

Liberty! Evidently Americans and French alike, we must weep over the

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crimes committed in her name; but no one, under any pretext whatsoever, may condemn her. Liberty! Who will deny that her apprenticeship is delicate and difficult? Free peoples have their crises, as do all organisms which attain superior health only through physiological shocks. Liberty implies argument, contention, a certain internal strife which testifies to its vitality and growth. Silence is death, silence is suffocation; obedience without preliminary deliberation is servitude. But, divided in times of peace, when war comes, the nations which govern themselves know how to furnish an example of the most substantial unity, more effective, because conscious and voluntary.

In the midst of the fearful cataclysm which has allowed, for a time, the despotic powers to acquire momentary advantages, let us have no doubt of liberty and democracy and of their future. If, before a sudden attack, liberty and democracy predispose to a certain remissness of preparation, they have the enormous advantage that *all* will becomes *good* will. And this good will is coalescent, because men know that it has not been able to invoke, but only to endure, war. Assured of their rights, not by illusion or suggestion, but by exact knowledge of affairs, republicans may have been surprised, just because they had not foreseen guilty intent, but they will never allow themselves to be cast down. Through patience and through the spirit of sacrifice, they will rise superior to all difficulties.

Our republic now puts to the proof of acts, the principles upon which yours also is founded. It is plain that this drama inflames you, and that you must find comfort in the example which we furnish. Having no selfish ambition, conspiring against no one, the true democracy is never abandoned by God or man. I grant you, autocracies are better constituted, speaking from a military standpoint. Let our trials during the first months of the war be to you a warning! Do not fear to be strong! You must be strong, or else become victims. Prepare yourselves better than we did. Do not, however, hypnotise yourselves by your armament. Enervated by militarism, our enemies believed that "Might makes Right," to quote the well-known words of Hegel. While to-day, thanks to the national and the international conscience, it is "Right which ends in making Might."

So, profiting by experience, and growing more prudent, or at least less ingenuous, we may, we must, persevere in an ideal of liberty, of generosity, of good faith, of firmness, of watchful benevolence. For this is not merely the right solution of the actual problem, it is, besides, progress, future, it is true patriotism, at the same time it is the highest conception of humanity.

II

Need we say that personal liberty implies respect for the liberty of others? Your democracy has never desired oppression of the individual, nor has ours. We have replaced the policy of menace and discontent with that of benevolence and "entente." This has been the glory of Republican France. This has been the policy of the French parliament and of French ministers. It is the policy, not of the clenched fist, but of the open hand. The words and the deeds of eminent men who have had the responsibility of our Foreign Office upon their shoulders are faithful witnesses to this.

Between the two republics, separated by the ocean but united by their ideals, and by their way of conforming to such ideals, there is another point of contact which I must do more than mention—I must clearly establish. During the forty and more years of our republic we have never resorted to violence, even in the gravest conflicts. Because the Fashoda question resulted in the Entente Cordiale, see how it now rings not only with praise of England and of France, but even more with the principles of reason, of justice, of good faith,—the attributes of these two nations. We have concluded "entente" terms with

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Spain and Italy; we have gone with Austria and especially with Germany to the extreme limit in the matter of concessions. Bulgaria and Turkey have betrayed us; manifesting in those races a spirit of ingratitude and deceit which, there is no need to inform you, dates not from the era of democracies but from prehistoric times.

On your side, you have spoken and acted with equal loyalty. And it is not the programme of this party or of that, but the unanimous sentiments of Americans which on July 31, 1906, at the congress at Rio de Janeiro, prompted by this profession of faith to Senator Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, a profession of faith which is yours, and none the less, I assure you, ours.

We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privilege, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth that we may all become greater and stronger together.

III

It would be strange if states so alike in their political foundations should not also meet on the heights of thought and of feeling. Philosophy and poetry, for example, are as personal and national in America as in France. They reveal, the one no less than the other, typical and unexpected affinities. This likeness has not been dwelt upon sufficiently, and I cannot dwell upon it in all its aspects. I shall content myself with an outline, which may, I trust, spur you on to make further investigations.

Poetry, the spontaneous song of the soul, its cry, its aspiration—in a way unconscious—witnesses invariably to the characteristic tendencies of a people. Now, on two occasions, America has given to France the signal for a new poetry in Edgar Allan Poe and in Walt Whitman. Let us say at once that there has been no imitation from any quarter. There has been, rather, sympathy and, if I may say so, "telepathy." Your Edgar Poe is of great value not only because of his strange stories which have been so happily translated in French by Baudelaire—one of our poets most expressive of the end of the nineteenth century; he has created a poetry resembling nothing that has gone before. His short poems have peered into the feminine heart as into the depths of life and death, and discovered there a perception of things mysterious which has been adopted by a whole school of our lyricists, having at their head Baudelaire, Rollinat and Mallarmé. The symbolic school owes much to Edgar Poe. Like him, many among us have sung the Beyond, the Unknown, the tremor inspired by rare love, or the contemplation of the infinite in the passing moment.

Like America, France has always loved what is new. Like you, we are investigators in the psychological and ethical realms as well as in the physical. For there are two sources of investigation,—the Supernatural and the Natural. They are not, moreover, separated, one from the other, by insurmountable barriers. They exist, one through the other, one in the other. Poe sang, above all, the Supernatural; Walt Whitman is the prophet and the chosen poet of Nature. So, lest our spirit weary of the traditional forms of versification and of this inspiration of the bookshelf which leads only to the indefinite reproduction of ancient dreams, already hoary with time, let us look about

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us. "Bibliopolis" and museums have left an ashy grey deposit on inspiration. Let us open the window. Let us see the fields and rivers, the mountains, the cities too, with their palpitating life, and these new "cathedrals" of man's activities,—harbours and railway terminals—a whisper of æsthetic liberty has passed through their hearts and brains. Let us sing the simple idyll, the splendour of the landscape; let us force ourselves to discover new beauty in the manifestations of modern life.

Has Walt Whitman been our guide? I cannot say that. But at the very time that this genial American was disjointing and stretching out traditional prosody from its narrow limits, we were doing the same thing; the four winds of heaven discarded it—blew it away. We sang of intimate things, of nature, of unanimity. We were the young schools —"intimism," "naturism," "unanimism" —which have not always furnished the absolute master, but which have cleared bright paths through the confused underbrush of the future. After the twilight of the symbolists the clear and liberating sunlight has burst upon us and we have walked the earth among men. After the war, this impulsion of truth and humanity will certainly grow more and more urgent and potent in all literature. There again America and France will be in accord.

As to Philosophy, which also makes her appeal to the most secret hopes of the race, as well as to the highest visions of the spirit, she has revealed a very surprising concord between the two republics in the last fifty years, in the contemplation of the universe, the soul, and action. The transcendentalism of Emerson as well as the pragmatism of William James has found response in our thought and in our feelings. The two republics have freed themselves at the same time from Germanic metaphysics —and this, strange to say, as in politics, by the cult of individualism and love of liberty. Montaigne—Emerson's journal is my authority—exerted a strong influence over the mind of the great Bostonian. William James was always in harmony with our discoveries, our aspirations. At Columbia University, as well as in Emerson Hall at Harvard, where I explained some ideas on French culture, I had an opportunity to say that if we have proclaimed the "human" rights of man, Emerson himself had recognised the "divine" rights of humanity, and this for the humble, the simple, for those who are the stirring sap of the nation. In these latter, particularly for democracies, the spirit of conscious sacrifice, the idea of duty enlivened by the taste of liberty, have manifested themselves in very fact during this great war. Theirs has been the rôle of heroes, equalling in deed the greatest thinkers of all time who have only formulated the higher truths, whereas these, unknown, have realised them by suffering and immolation. Thus the "poilu," without knowing it, is Emersonian; he is also a pragmatist, direct disciple of William James; for demonstrating on the battlefield by his action, or at the rear, by his patience and civic courage, the primordial virtues and doctrines, he has proved that nothing is useful or beautiful except the ideas which may be put into practice, even at the expense of happiness or of life itself.

France to-day is transcendental and pragmatic in the *French manner*. Our modern philosophers—to cite only Ravesson, Renouvier, Boutroux and Bergson—have restored their prestige to Idealism, which controls deeds, to Sentiment, to Faith, to Inborn Instinct transformed into Clearseeing Intuition. They have been, like Henri Poincairé in science, liberators. They have prepared the heroic explosion of national will for service, not with the idea of a selfish leadership, but with the most noble of human aspirations, such as formed the inspiration of their great predecessors—Victor Hugo, prophetic poet, and Jules Michelet, moralist and historian.

Literature has followed Philosophy along this path; sometimes, perhaps, has even taken the lead. Did not Paul Bourget, in his preface to *Le Disciple,*

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before the end of the nineteenth century recommend to the young man of France "those two great virtues, those two forces without which there is nothing but present decay and final agony—Love and Will"? America, the land of character, of lofty, generous soaring, understood from long ago—long before this war—that we were both marching toward like goals.

A POLITICAL COMING-OF-AGE

THE WEST AND WILSON

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

It was a wonderful experience, that of watching—and helping—the alchemy at work that transformed Republican into Democratic majorities and gave the country a new political alignment of its States. During the presidential campaign it was my privilege to work among the women voters of Kansas, although my audiences, aids and co-workers often included as many men as women. And as I was thus in closest touch for six weeks with the intellectual and spiritual influences that gave to President Wilson 170,000 more supporters than he had in Kansas four years ago, the same influences that gave him his majorities in other Western States, I think I can say with more surety what they were than can those theorists who have done much surveying of the results of the election from the vantage ground of tables of figures. From what I saw of the Western voters I am inclined to believe that this new political alignment of the country is very likely to continue, at least during the near future, although that will depend largely upon issues and candidates and the forces behind candidates. But of this I feel sure: That party domination *per se* has suffered its Waterloo in that part of the country west of the Mississippi River.

During my six weeks of campaigning in Kansas for the re-election of Woodrow Wilson I visited each of the eight congressional districts and worked in twenty-two counties, nearly all of them in the closely populated eastern half of the State. By the time the campaign was half over I felt sure, and my confidence grew with every subsequent day, that rock-ribbed Republican Kansas, for the first time in its history in a straight contest between national Republican and Democratic parties, would give a majority for the Democratic candidate. All of us in the State who were working for the success of the Democratic national ticket felt equally confident as to that popular majority, although we were all surprised, finally, by its size, 36,000. For the silent vote had proved to be a bigger factor than we had estimated. But the ideas, feelings, convictions, that were stirring among the voters were so general and so evidently potent that we never doubted they would overcome the usual Republican majority.

So far as Kansas is concerned it is a mistake to say "the women did it," and I think the same is true of most of the other Western States that have woman suffrage, except, perhaps, where the Wilson majority was very small. In Kansas it is my conviction that Wilson would have won, but by a narrow majority, if the women had not voted at all. I found that the men who were disregarding their former party allegiance to vote for President Wilson were being influenced by the same considerations that were proving powerful in the case of the women. But there were more converts among the women than

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among the men and they felt more intensely about it. The men would have carried the State, but the women piled up the big majority. The men and women who were already of Democratic allegiance worked with equal enthusiasm and devotion for the re-election of President Wilson. But among the converts from other political faiths it was the women who more frequently were openly zealous in the work. They seemed to feel the harness of party allegiance weighing less heavily upon them.

Nothing is more misleading than the assertion that it was the slogan, "he has kept us out of war," which won the election for Wilson in the Western States. The many and complex forces that produced that result cannot be reduced to so simple a formula. Among those forces was a very deep conviction that the European war is not our affair, and that we can be of more service to civilisation by staying out of it than by getting into it and a very strong desire to see the policy of neutrality continued in force at Washington. But the sneering intimation that has been made so many times in the East both before and since the election that cowardice is at the bottom of that desire is so false that it would be amusing if the charge were not one that always arouses the ire of any human being. My friendly advice to the scoffing East is to "drop it," or the indignant West may feel it necessary to administer still more political castigation.

Anyone who last summer observed and compared the mobilisation of the National Guard in the Eastern and the Western States would hardly be so fatuous, in the light of that comparison, as to accuse the West of showing "a yellow streak." As for myself, after comparing the complaints, the cry-babying and the disloyal utterances and resentments of the one section, of both troops and populace, with the soldierly efficiency and readiness and willing patriotic service of the other and after coming into close touch with the people of the West through the campaign, I have come to this conclusion: That the Eastern seaboard might, with very great advantage to itself and the country, go to school to Kansas for instruction in genuine patriotism and loyalty to American ideals.

A woman of refinement and broad culture, a warm supporter of President Wilson's policies, said to me as we talked of the European war:

"At first I suspected that my shrinking from the possibility of our being drawn into the war and my feeling of horror over it might be due to cowardice. And I was ashamed and afraid to be afraid, for it is so despicable to be a coward. So I gave myself a searching examination and I found that it wasn't and isn't cowardice at all. It's the deep conviction that war is not necessary, that there are better ways of settling international difficulties, that the losses of war are bound to be greater than its gains."

Her case is representative of the convictions that moved three hundred thousand and more men and women of Kansas—and of many hundred thousands more in other Western States—to rally to the support of the President who "has kept us out of war." Their convictions were not by any means a mere simple, cowardly sentiment, but the outcome of much serious thinking and of much deep and solemn communing with their own souls. When I would sometimes say in my speeches that if it were a question of the invasion of the country or of the preservation of American ideals Kansas men and women would be ready to lay down their lives to the last one, the round of answering applause would have in it a peculiarly earnest quality that showed from what depths of their hearts it came.

But the fact that we are still at peace with all the nations of a world ablaze with war was only one factor, and in my opinion not the chief one, among the many that led an army of voters to turn from the Republican and enlist under the Wilson banner. The progressive, constructive domestic legislation of this administration had more to do with causing the Western landslide than did

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any other factor. In Kansas the women who changed their political allegiance to vote for Wilson were deeply moved by it. Even when they were not fully informed upon the details of the policies that have been enacted into law they knew that those policies had for their purpose the same things that have been woman's chief concern throughout the history of the race, the saving, the conserving and the bettering of human life. They understood that here was a man in high place who stood for the same things that woman has always stood for, and they came loyally to his support. It was belief in these policies also, my observations convince me, that chiefly influenced the men voters who helped to turn the presidential vote of Kansas from Republican to Democratic.

Among the contributory causes which added their influence among both men and women was the feeling, which I frequently heard expressed, that President Wilson has had so many and such great difficulties to contend with that it would be unfair not to give him another term in which to work out more fully his purposes and policies. This phase of the matter appealed to them as an argument of simple justice and I am sure, from the way in which so many spoke to me about it, was the deciding influence in the changing of many a vote from Republican to Democratic. One ran across also many individual points of view which showed how independently a majority of the Kansas people were thinking about the issues of the campaign. One woman, for instance, who for some time was undecided about her presidential vote, told me that what finally turned the balance in Wilson's favour was the conviction that the character and judgment of any man who would cast aside a position of such high importance and honour as that of Justice of the Supreme Court for the possibility of being elected President are not worthy of confidence and that it would be unsafe to trust him with the responsibilities of the presidency.

The personality and the arguments of the Republican candidate for the presidency and his general attitude toward the issues at stake were an important factor in the way Kansas snowed him under the ballots which had been expected to pile up a big majority for him in that State. Surprise, dismay, outright disapproval were the successive stages with which thousands upon thousands of Republican voters in the West read his speeches and watched his campaign. And the same was true of Mr. Roosevelt, who drove an army of Republican voters to the support of the Democratic candidate. We who were working for Wilson in Kansas could so plainly see this influence growing more potent as the Roosevelt speeches grew more and more Rooseveltian that we used to say he alone would assure Wilson's success in the Middle West. It was very evident that, at least in Kansas, the Colonel's former followers were turning from him in sorrow, anger and disgust. Neither he nor Mr. Hughes understood the quality and direction of Western thinking during recent years.

The so-called "Woman's Party" and its ally, the Congressional Union, worked hard and long, mainly in the larger cities, but from what I saw and was told I do not believe they won a hundred votes for Mr. Hughes, while I am very sure that they helped to turn away from him more votes than they won. Over and over again intelligent women who were strong woman suffragists said to me, "We worked for the ballot in Kansas and we won it ourselves and now we know its value. The women of the other States will appreciate it all the more if they win it the same way." The spectacular "Women's Special" Hughes Alliance train was another effort to win votes for Hughes which, at least in Kansas, worked the other way and made recruits for Wilson. Women resented and ridiculed it from end to end of the State because of all that it connoted financially and because of the singular lack of intelligent, convincing argument in the speeches made by the women of the train.

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The Kansas people whom I met, hundreds upon hundreds of them, had no time to waste upon ordinary "spellbinding" campaign oratory, upon appeals to the emotions or irrelevant argument. They wanted facts and honest, straightforward interpretation of facts and conditions and logical, truthful exposition of the issues at stake. They were doing a wonderful amount of quiet, sane, careful, independent thinking. And the chief reasons, as I observed them, which turned so many voters of other political faiths to the support of President Wilson were these: First and most potent was ardent response to the administration's domestic policies because the voters believed them to stand for the rights of human beings rather than the rights of money and for the interests of the great masses of the people rather than for those of the privileged few; the conviction that it would be a disastrous wrong to Mexico and a denial of our own national ideals to send an army of intervention and conquest into that country and that therefore the administration's Mexican policy should not be repudiated; the conviction that the administration's policy of neutrality in the European war is right and just and sanely far-seeing and the desire to uphold it and see it continued; the conviction that Woodrow Wilson as President can be depended on to have recourse to war for the settlement of international difficulties only as a last possibility.

But the mere statement of these convictions gives no idea of the ardour and intensity of purpose with which the people moved by them were inspired. Everywhere I met with such a quiet depth of feeling, amounting among the women almost to a religious fervour, as made my campaign experience one never to be forgotten. There was no emotional enthusiasm. The feeling which gripped the people's hearts was too deep for that. A casual onlooker might sometimes have thought the audiences cold. But no speaker addressing them, seeing the quiet tensity of the listening faces and feeling the living force of the subtle bond between speaker and audience, would make that mistake. Sometimes women who had listened for an hour without so much as a single hand-clap would tell me afterward in a few words of earnest, halting speech and with tears in their eyes what they felt about the issues at stake. Once, after my speech, among the people who crowded about me were two old, white-haired men, a solemn light shining in their faces, and as they gripped my hands one of them exclaimed: "The greatest message that has come to us since the days of the sainted Annie Diggs! We're two old Pops!" And anyone who knew of the fervour that swept Kansas in the days of Populism, of which Annie Diggs was one of the leaders, and of its causes and significance, would have found, as I did, in these old men and in other "old Pops" whom I frequently met, assurance of what Kansas would do for Woodrow Wilson. For the same leaven was at work.

I cannot close this article without paying a well-deserved tribute to the intelligence and the independence of the women voters of Kansas. I found many and many a woman who could turn aside from her washtub or ironing table and with a child in her arms discuss the issues of the campaign with knowledge and with understanding of their significance. The result of the election shows that large numbers of them were not dominated by party lines, although every Republican speaker in the State had besought them to be loyal to the grand old party which had freed the country from slavery and not to scratch their ballots. And I found that some of the party politicians, of both parties, formerly in favour of woman suffrage, are a little inclined to be doubtful about it now, solely because, they confessed, "you can never tell how the women are going to vote." I want to testify also to the fact that differences in political faith do not, under woman suffrage, necessarily entail home dissensions. For I talked with hundreds of women whose hus-

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bands, they told me, would vote for Hughes who themselves either had been lifelong Democrats or who, more frequently, having been Republicans, had decided to vote for Wilson. When I sometimes said to such a woman, "Can't you convert your husband?" the reply was always a smiling, "No, I'll let somebody else try to do that." There were many thousands of women in Kansas whose husbands voted for Hughes who cast their own ballots, with a prayer in their hearts, for Wilson. And the home life of Kansas appears still to be running as smoothly as ever.

From what I saw of the thinking, the hopes, the purposes and the temper of the people of Kansas during the recent campaign and from what I know of the manifestation of these in the other Western States it seems to me that the people of the East do not yet realise the full political significance of what happened at the presidential election. If you will look at a map of the country picturing the presidential vote you will see north of the Ohio and east of Nebraska, with the exception of two States, a solid section of the country voting for the Republican candidate. West of that north-and-south line, a region which formerly was in large part a safe Republican stronghold, all but two of the seventeen States gave majorities for the Democratic candidate. Because of the unexpected right-about-face of much of that region it came about that thirty of the forty-eight States of the Union lined up behind President Wilson. The peculiar, block-like character of these two sections of the map is what makes the situation significant. For the first time in the history of the country the East and the West stand facing each other, politically opposed.

Two highly important meanings are easy to read in this new alignment. One is that these two sections of the country are thinking differently and facing toward different purposes as to most of the questions that now concern our national life, the direction of our national development, the character of our national ideals. The other is that for the West the day of party domination is over, that the old party slogans and the old party appeals and the old party prejudices have lost their power. If one knows what a ferment was working in that almost solid block of Western States that scratched its ballots until the sound thereof went up to heaven one does not need to be told that the people out there are doing their own thinking, that they are living in the present and have their eyes on the future and that any party which wants their support will have to square its promise and performance with their convictions.

During the campaign, when we in Kansas would get reports of how it was going in other Western States, thinking, far-seeing men among the Wilson supporters would say, "If we can just win this election without the help of New York!" And I think that West-of-the-Mississippi — politically there is no longer a Middle-West—purposes seeing to it that New York will no longer be a dominating factor in presidential elections. Between the political, economic and social ideas of the eastern seaboard and the West there is a wide gulf, and if New York wants to be hereafter an important factor in the political life of the nation it will have to cross that gulf and teach itself to look at life and democratic ideals and the future of the nation as the West sees them.

The recent election means that the West has reached its political coming-of-age, and with Western ideals of democracy and human progress, purposes hereafter to dominate the political affairs of the country. The sooner the East realises and accepts that fact the better for its political future and the better also for the harmonious life of the nation.

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THE BEST FIFTY SHORT STORIES OF 1916*

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

In accordance with my annual custom, I am choosing from the large number of short stories published in American periodicals during the year, the stories which may fairly lay claim to the highest distinction by reason of their substance and form. After reading twenty-seven hundred short stories during 1916, I have selected for the annual roll of honour, which is published in *The Boston Transcript* and in *The Best Short Stories of 1916,* a list of one hundred and ten stories which deserve preservation in book form. From this list, I have been guided by standards partly personal in picking fifty stories which in my belief represent the best contributions of the year to American fiction. I purpose now to take up these fifty stories one by one, and tell briefly just why they seem to me worthy of this high praise. The first twenty stories on this list are selected by reason of their exceptional qualities as those most adapted to reprinting in a year-book of the American short story.

1. "The Sacrificial Altar," by Gertrude Atherton (*Harper's Magazine*), portrays with fine psychological insight and reticence the spiritual reactions of a young French novelist to whom life is essentially a fascinating intellectual problem for analysis rather than a vital experience of the spirit. His longing for elemental emotions and their realisation for the purposes of art leads him to commit murder, and the necessity for self-sacrifice, after the first prolonged reaction, brings to a close a story moved essentially by fate to an inevitable conclusion. With rigourous economy of means and suppression of detail, a noteworthy problem is solved in a superb work of art.

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2. "Miss Willett," by Barry Benefield (*Century*), is noteworthy because of its compellingly warm human substance, and the fine tender art with which the author's heroine is delineated. The temptation to sentimentalise a sentimental subject is tremendous, but Mr. Benefield has succeeded in clothing his story with sentiment, while completely avoiding sentimentality. The store window demonstrator with her starved emotional life finds the fulfilment of her womanhood in a dream whose human disappointment is transformed by a mystical gentleness into a very real fulfilment of her desire.

3. "Supers," by Frederick Booth (*The Seven Arts*), is a study in brief compass of human derelicts swept together by common need, of their hopes and disappointments, and of their dispersal. I find in it a sense of characterisation altogether unusual, and believe that this new writer will win an important place for his work in the next few years. Although the story makes few demands in plot construction, it has a different sort of craftsmanship to commend it, which can best be described as a passion for etched background and salient human portrayal rather than for event or sustained situation. Circumstances would distract from the significance of these figures, and they have their eternal moment here before they separate and recombine in other entities.

4. "Fog," by Dana Burnet (*McBride's Magazine*), is, I believe, as finely realised a story of the supernatural as the year can show. The passionate longing of an inland boy for the sea and a face glimpsed once in dreams creates its own subjective heaven of fulfilment, and the story is persuasively set forth with imaginative power and a fine atmospheric sense. It has the contagion of

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youth in it, and a sad undercurrent of knowledge which has a universal note. I think the opening is more or less of a *cliché,* but with this qualification I do not see how the story could have been more finely presented.

5. "Ma's Pretties," by Francis Buzzell (*Pictorial Review*), which I regard as one of the three best American stories of the year, fulfils the promise of Mr. Buzzell's story, "Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie," which I found to be one of the two best short stories of 1914. In Mr. Buzzell, America has found a new realist whose heart is touched by the poignancy of little things. He is a passionate observer of human nature, and has given realism a new method of characterisation, whereby suggestion in dialogue is substituted for descriptive statement. In economy of material and richness of human values, Mr. Buzzell's art is destined to be one of the most potent influences on American fiction during the next ten years. This story is assuredly a classic of our literature.

6. "The Great Auk," by Irvin S. Cobb (*Saturday Evening Post*), gives American literature a new legend adequately realised in dialogue and situation, and touched with a spirit of human sympathy never mawkish nor sentimental. It is altogether superior to Mr. Cobb's other short stories of the past two years by reason of its imaginative characterisation. The atmosphere of the story is as vividly conjured up by personification as that of Dickens, and the rich colouring of Mr. Cobb's descriptive touches is memorable.

7. "The Lost Phoebe," by Theodore Dreiser (*The Century*), is one of the three best short stories of the year, in my opinion, despite serious faults of style and a certain willful verbosity. I find in the story much of Hawthorne's plaintive singing quality, a dull richness of background, and a sharply delineated portraiture, which by a reiterative monotony conveys a poignant effect of tragic futility. It comes out of the folk spirit of the people, as do the stories of Francis Buzzell, and if an Englishman sought for what was most characteristically American in our fiction during the year, I should point to this story and "Ma's Pretties" with considerable pride.

8. "The Silent Infare," by Armistead C. Gordon (*Scribner's Magazine*), is also a transcript from the folk life of a people, touched with deft and insinuating humour, and a rich poetic sense of human values. It is told very quietly in an old-fashioned style, and, with much literary skill, chronicles for the first time the life of the house-Negro of Virginia after the war. The atmosphere is softened by finely rendered shadows, and an instinctive sympathy with his subject has led Mr. Gordon safely to his goal.

9. "The Cat of the Cane-Brake," by Frederick Stuart Greene (*Metropolitan*), is a grim tragedy of horror, and with directness and power it is Greek in the relentless logic of its unfolding. It reveals striking originality in plot, adequate characterisation, carefully handled suspense, and a natural though completely unforeseen *dénouement.* Its stark exposure of elemental forces is unforgetable, and its compactly wrought structure is a triumph of successful technique.

10. "Making Port," by Richard Matthews Hallet (*Every Week*), is, in my opinion, the best short story of 1916. It is elemental tragedy played out worthily against an eternal background, with an intimately human foreground of intensely realised personal experience. Mr. Hallet's style, always mannered, is here at its simplest and best, and the subtlety of his substance is lucidly conveyed through deft characterisation, clearly revealed atmosphere, and richly coloured speech. This story ranks with the best of Conrad, with whom Mr. Hallet shares much in sympathy, although their literary methods are very different.

11. "Ice Water, Pl——!" by Fannie Hurst (*Collier's Weekly*), is intimately woven of the very stuff of life. Dealing with sentimental types and yet avoiding

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sentimentality, the perfect fidelity of her dialogue and the subtle definition of her characters are fused into a vitally compelling substance. Miss Hurst's stories, among which this deserves to rank among the very best, may prove to be the most essential literary documents of our city life to the inquiring literary historian of another century. Their defect is a lack of economy and selective power.

12. "Little Selves," by Mary Lerner (*Atlantic Monthly*), is little more than a succession of dream pictures portrayed as they cross the consciousness of an old woman who has lived well and is dying happily. But these pictures are so delicately woven, and so tenderly touched with beauty, that they will not easily be forgotten. I am tempted to say that a success such as this could not be repeated. It is a happy accident.

13. "The Sun Chaser," by Jeannette Marks (*The Pictorial Review*), is another folk story of permanent literary value to be added to the store of American legends by reason of its imaginative persuasion of reality and its lucid insight into life. Its frankly mystical substance has a propagandist value, but this has not weakened its story interest. It is in the best tradition of Hawthorne, though with less deliberate spiritual repression. I found it elusive at a first reading, but this elusiveness is partly the secret of the story's charm. The atmosphere is very completely realised, and the story has a rhythmical progression that fascinates me.

14. "At the End of the Road," by Walter J. Muilenburg (*The Forum*), confirms the high hopes of this new author's future which I was led to form from reading his two stories in *The Midland* during 1915. With a substance not unlike that of Francis Buzzell, he has a sense of nature brooding over human effort with impending portent, almost as vivid as the same sense in Thomas Hardy, and very completely realised in his work. Moreover, I find in these stories remarkable distinction and individuality in literary style. It seems incredible to me that his important gifts have not yet found recognition in the better national magazines.

15. "The Big Stranger on Dorchester Heights," by Albert Du Verney Pentz (*Boston Evening Transcript*), is a very brief recollection of an incident in the life of Lincoln, and true, I am informed, in all essential details. But it is told here with such life-like imaginative truth and sharp characterisation that it deserves a place of some permanence. Accepting the slightness of its texture, I prefer to judge it by the goal which the author set himself, and judged by this standard it cannot be said to fail.

16. "The Menorah," by Benjamin Rosenblatt (*The Bellman*), is a compellingly realised tragedy told with the authority of the Russian masters in an alien speech. Mr. Rosenblatt has not yet attained ease in English idiom, but this is essentially irrelevant, and regarding it as we would a translation, I do not know what other American writer could have rendered his dream so poignantly and with such an economy of personal emotion. Mr. Rosenblatt has an instinct for avoiding accentuated climaxes of event. For this reason his spiritual climaxes are all the more overwhelmingly real. They leave us quiet with their "dying fall." But this is something we have been wrongly taught to regard as a defect.

17. "Penance," by Elsie Singmaster (*The Pictorial Review*), is as finely wrought a story as "The Survivors," which I included in last year's Roll of Honour. Mrs. Lewars writes out of a passion for the spirit of the Civil War, and is the noblest chronicler of its spiritual triumphs and defeats. With severe regard for form, her imagination shapes a situation of extreme difficulty in handling into a masterpiece of dramatic fulfilment. Her story has the illusion of history as well as the truth of all imaginative art.

18. "Feet of Gold," by Gordon Arthur Smith (*Scribner's Magazine*), is a delicate romantic study of Bohemian temperament, unfolded with much magic

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of touch, and a kind of fine sentiment which is not too deliberate. To compare the art of Mr. Smith with that of Leonard Merrick would be slightly unfair to either artist. He lacks Leonard Merrick's nonchalance in narration, but he handles character with a less ready acceptance, and with a more reticent feeling for sentimental values.

19. "Down on Their Knees," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper's Magazine*), is in the most vivid contrast to the preceding story. It is freighted with the warm colouring of the Portuguese life the author knows so well, and instinct with sharply contrasted dramatic values. The fusion of plot and characterisation in a fully realised picture cannot be studied to better advantage in any other American writer. Mr. Steele and Mrs. Gerould are the leaders of their craft among the younger generation of American story-tellers.

20. "Half-Past Ten," by Alice L. Tildesley (*The Black Cat*), is a grim and mordant study etched almost too brutally, but with intense power and vigour of expression. The psychological reactions upon his nearest of kin of a wrongly convicted man, who is executed, are memorably portrayed. I suppose that this is the first story of a new writer. If this is so, here is an excellent chance for someone to make a discovery.

21. "Hands" (*Masses*) and 22. "Queer" (*Seven Arts*), by Sherwood Anderson, are two studies by a new and original artist of power who belongs to an important literary group in Chicago which bids fair to dominate the course of our American letters during the next ten years. Both of these stories are abnormal and most unlikely to be popular, but they are realised with a fulness of vision which is unique, and inaugurate a new craftsmanship which has much to teach American writers. I confess frankly that I dislike both these stories, but they move me to unwilling admiration by their power and sincerity.

23. "The Band," by Edwina Stanton Babcock (*Harper's Magazine*), is akin by certain qualities to the stories of Francis Buzzell. It seeks to render character by indirect suggestion rather than by direct statement, and pores with a fondness of observation on the most minute and revelatory details of character in humble individuals. Here action is reduced to an essential minimum in order that passion may be revealed in an eternal instant arrested through half-realised aspirations and desires.

24. "Simply Sugar Pie," by Barry Benefield (*Seven Arts*), is a bitter study in realism which contrasts sharply with *Miss Willett,* of which I have spoken above. The same tenderness interprets human life in both cases, but in this story Mr. Benefield has seen life from an entirely new angle and has set down what he found with quiet emotional integrity.

25. "An Awkward Turn," by Phyllis Bottome (*Century*), is a distinguished study in realism in which the power of contrast is permitted to reveal the finer grain in a woman's character. It is skilfully composed and attuned with repressed art to the demands of its subject. It may possibly offend the susceptibilities of unimaginative readers, but I should consider the story to be an excellent test of its readers' finer grain.

26. "The Belgian," by Alden Brooks (*Collier's Weekly*), ranks with "The Eighty-Third," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould, as one of the two distinguished short stories inspired during the past year by the terrible reality of the war. The vivid pictorial quality of Mr. Brooks's narrative is appalling in its ruthless brutality, but its ruthlessness is that of the surgeon who would heal a wound, and the story rises to high moments of imaginative spiritual power. I think that the story lacks a certain economy of narrative force, but nevertheless the author's passion has fused his substance into notable artistic form.

27. "Nicholas Woodman," by Alice Brown (*Harper's Magazine*), reflects with quiet humour the perversities of New England character while rendering faithfully at the same time the warm human qualities of character which it in-

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stinctively prefers to conceal. Miss Brown's gift of selection is admirable. The freshness of vision which she brings to familiar substance is only to be found in the work of a very fine artist.

28. "The Prince's Ball," by Alice Brown (*Harper's Magazine*), shares with "A Retreat to the Goal" the distinction of carrying on adequately the fine New England literary tradition. The story is told with a quiet human glow that is very charming and with a certain emotional relaxation. Miss Brown has the virtue of dignifying what would prove to be comparatively slight substance in the hands of another writer. This story does not exhaust by any means the emotional values of its substance. It deftly hints them and leaves the rest to the reader.

29. "Down River," by James B. Connolly (*Scribner's Magazine*), is to my mind the most imaginative rendering of reality that Mr. Connolly has given us in several years. It lacks the mannered quality of his sea stories, and he has not sentimentalised his material at all. The relation between white and black furnishes a new psychological contrast in this story and Mr. Connolly has made the most of his advantage.

30. "The Doctor of Afternoon Arm" (*Ladies' Home Journal*), 31. "The Last Shot in the Locker" (*Saturday Evening Post*), and 32. "The Last Lucifer" (*Saturday Evening Post*), are three stories of somewhat permanent literary value which we shall esteem the more because their author, Norman Duncan, will no longer add to their number. These three stories rank with the best that Norman Duncan gave us in his prime, when he was surpassed by none in the direct biblical quality of his narrative style, springing as it did from a background of experience entirely novel in substance and realised with complete fidelity and human sympathy. These tales of the Labrador have more of the sea's stern reality in them than those of any other American writer, although Richard Matthews Hallet and Lincoln Colcord promise to carry on the tradition which Norman Duncan inaugurated with such sincerity and power.

33. "A Retreat to the Goal," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman (*Harper's Magazine*), ranks with the finest stories that Mrs. Freeman has given us in the past. Her smouldering art has always been preoccupied with a certain austerity of substance. She is at her best when dealing with the psychology of suppressed emotion as in this story. Such a preoccupation affords her opportunities for irony that remind one of the Greek tragedians, yet she never sacrifices the slightest human value on this account. The passion for things difficult informs her work. She has handed this passion down as a tradition to many writers who are inspired by her example.

34. "In the Home Stretch," by Robert Frost (*Century*), is surely a masterpiece of the short story regardless of the fact that it is also an admirable poem. It has passion, magic, and truth for its virtues as poetry: rich human characterisation, finely conceived background, and quiet dramatic power for its virtues as a short story.

35. "Snow," by Robert Frost (*Poetry*), is to my mind a finer story than "In the Home Stretch." As a fine poem I am not concerned with it here, but as a short story full of skilfully suggested mystery, bitingly etched psychology and dramatic contrast, I believe it ranks with the finer short stories of the year.

36. "The Eighty-Third," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (*Harper's Magazine*), is probably the most completely realised study of horror that American literature has produced since "The Fall of the House of Usher." Once read, it will never be forgotten by the most callous reader. You may question it, as I do, on the score of taste, but however you regard it, you will be compelled to acknowledge the awful reality of its substance and the utter persuasiveness of Mrs. Gerould's presentation of that substance. The story is irresistible in its movement, and inconclusive, as life is, in its ending.

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37. "Louquier's Third Act," by Katharine Fullerton Gerould (*Harper's Magazine*), is a subtly rendered psychological study of a fixed idea, rendered with all of Mrs. Gerould's usual faithfulness to the premises which you must grant her, and completely persuasive in its poignant sufficiency of background.

38. "The Sixth Canvasser," by Inez Haynes Gillmore (*Century*), is a gently related story of the supernatural which unfolds in an atmosphere of dream. The veil which is interposed between the action and the listener permits the author to weave into her fabric an illusive substance that is essentially romantic, and yet so near as to come home in its reality to us all. Nowhere is the outline too faint, nor any detail given undue emphasis of nearness. I think that the author has achieved with happy deliberation the end which she had in view.

39. "The Quest of London," by Richard Matthews Hallet (*Everybody's Magazine*), is a mannered piece of work. I frankly confess it. But the mannerism of this story seems to me to mark a transition from euphuism to style, and in this story Mr. Hallet's style is almost adequate to the richness of his substance. If it be true, as I have been told, that sailors read Masefield with avidity and reject Conrad with scorn, they will surely choose the former course with this story. It is told with all the prolixity of a sailor in the forecastle, but also with all the passionate sense of reality and hardship that the sea breeds in a man. The romance of reality is set forth here with eager faith against an eternal background.

40. "Sob Sister," by Fannie Hurst (*Metropolitan*), must be added to the gallery of permanent portraits which Miss Hurst has added to American literature. Handled by an artist of less imaginative power this story might easily have taken on excessive sentimental values which would have destroyed its truthfulness entirely. Handled by Miss Hurst it gains tremendous emotional values without any sacrifice to sentimentality.

41. "They Both Needed It," by Fanny Kemble Johnson (*Century*), unfolds in a leisurely and old-fashioned way, but its substance is new and rather completely realised. The spiritual conflict between father and son is portrayed with reticence and skill, and with an undercurrent of humour whose roots lie in a tragic seriousness. Granted that the story is in a minor key, it is more than competently told, and the portrait of the boy is an interesting piece of characterisation.

42. "The Cross Roads," by Amy Lowell (*Poetry Review of America*), although it is classified as a poem by some and as polyphonic prose by the author, may safely be left to others for classification. The important fact here is that it is a masterly short story, told with the utmost economy of form, and yet freighted with a rich and shadowy background of mysterious beauty. It seems to me memorable for its poignancy of realisation, swift and flashing directness of statement and freshness of imaginative truth.

43. "Brothers of the Road," by Walter J. Muilenburg (*Midland*), like its fellow-story of which I have written above, vividly portrays the relations between nature and man with a certain tinge of delineative power that marks the author definitely as one who has come to stay. He takes his substance very quietly, but handles it with an imaginative earnestness which is exceedingly rare. If I can gain even a small sympathetic audience for the work of this man and that of Francis Buzzell, I shall regard the labour of reading twenty-seven hundred stories this year as fully justified.

44. "Olivia Mist," by Vincent O'Sullivan (*Century*), introduces to America once more the work of a native artist whom Wilde and Mallarmé were glad to accept as a fellow-artist, but whom America does not as yet appear to know at all. Until the republication of his novels during the coming year, this story with its quietly veiled satire and charm-

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ing narrative style must serve as an introduction to Mr. O'Sullivan's work. I believe that it has qualities of humour which entitle one to set it not far below *Daisy Miller*.

45. "Pansies," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Atlantic Monthly*), is a very quietly told study in contrasts which suggests a rich preoccupation with backgrounds, and a sympathy for the less often expressed emotions of the heart. Now that Henry James is dead, Anne Douglas Sedgwick continues his tradition more competently than any other American artist, and with a subtle feeling for all the nuances of human relationship, she composes admirably toned studies of adjustments within her experience.

46. "Staking a Larkspur," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Century*), is very like "Pansies" in its portrayal of quiet human responsiveness to environment. The humour of the situation is less self-consciously concealed and the story lacks entirely the reproach of oversophistication, to which much of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's work must plead guilty.

47. "The Killer's Son," by Wilbur Daniel Steele (*Harper's Magazine*), is almost as vividly realised a work of art as "Down on Their Knees." These two stories show a measurable advance over "The Yellow Cat" and "Romance," which seemed to me to be among the most permanent contributions of the American short story to literature during 1915. I find more passion in the work of Mr. Steele than in most of his contemporaries, as well as a more flashing directness of vision.

48. "The Smile Factory," by George Kibbe Turner (*McClure's Magazine*), accepts a tawdry substance and confers upon it rich human values through simplicity of approach and sympathetic reticence. I find in the story something of Fannie Hurst's art coupled with a detachment of viewpoint which is more European than American in its quality. The story is told with easy narrative power, and though its course is leisurely it is not loosely put together.

49. "Kerfol," by Edith Wharton (*Scribner's Magazine*), is a ghost story of familiar substance treated with restrained art in a new and unfamiliar way. After one forgets its competence, which is a little bit too self-conscious, one begins to admire the soft tones of the story's background, and the suggestiveness of things unspoken that the environment reveals. The brooding strangeness of the landscape is in harmony with the brooding strangeness of the story, and the two are fused by the author with consummate art.

50. "The Knitter of Liège," by Beth Slater Whitson (*Southern Woman's Magazine*), relates with grim passion and a certain unsophisticated art the tale of a Belgian woman to whom the war brought the predestined significance of fate. Despite a conscious echo of "A Tale of Two Cities," the complete realisation of her substance endows the author with adequate means of telling her story. It will be interesting to see whether her later work will equal the promise of this story.

And now that I have brought you to the end of this list of fifty short stories I should like to suggest that you should approach them, not as the best fifty stories of the year, chosen by absolute standards, but rather as fifty stories which have commended themselves to one sympathetic reader, who has patiently searched for them, as those whose sincerity and imaginative interpretation of life are most nearly adequate and hopeful for the future. I claim no dogmatic sanctions whatever for this selection, but I do claim for it the significant value of an honest desire to find the best which we are producing in America to-day.

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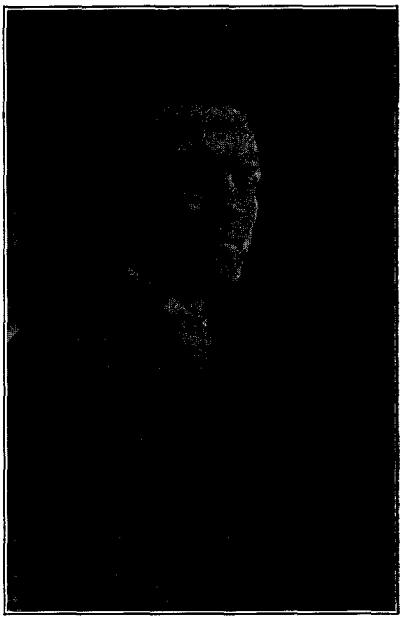
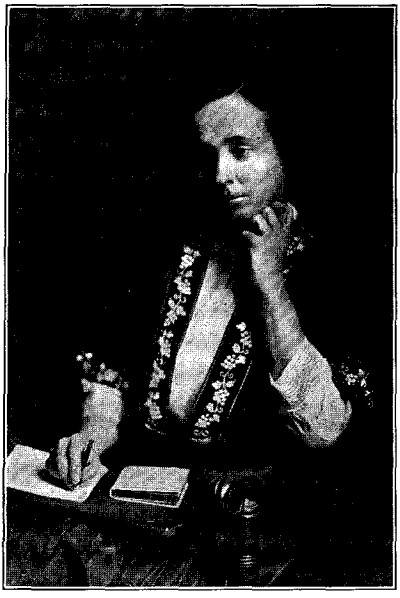
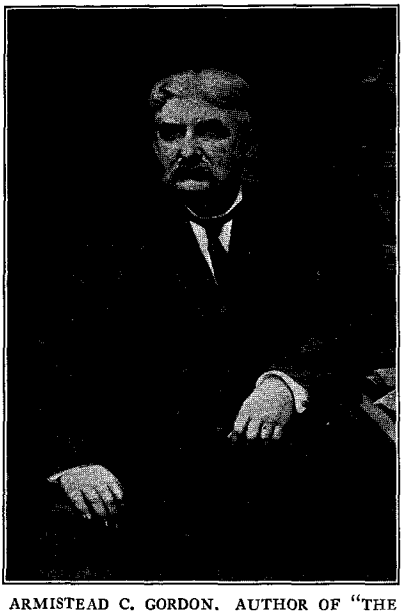


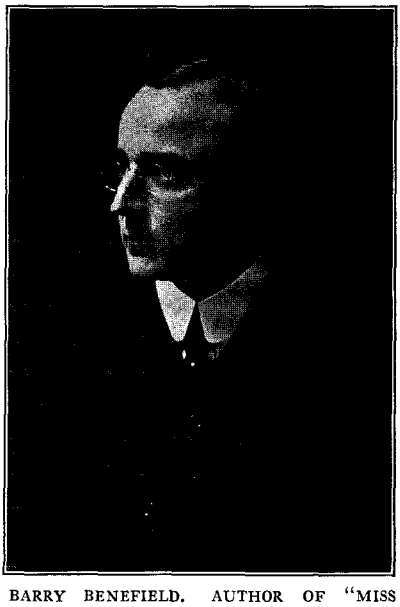
RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET. AUTHOR OF "MAKING PORT" (EVERY WEEK)



JEANNETTE MARKS. AUTHOR OF "THE SUN CHASER" (THE PICTORIAL REVIEW)



ARMISTEAD C. GORDON. AUTHOR OF "THE SILENT INFARE" (SCRIBNER'S). FROM A PICTURE PAINTED IN 1911



BARRY BENEFIELD. AUTHOR OF "MISS WILLETT" (CENTURY)

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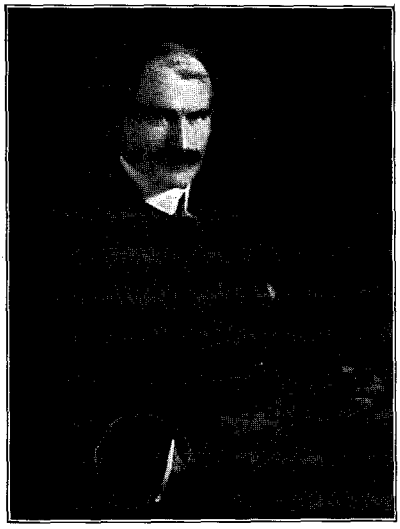

FREDERICK STUART GREENE. AUTHOR OF "THE CAT OF THE CANE-BRAKE" (METROPOLITAN)

GORDON ARTHUR SMITH. AUTHOR OF "FEET OF GOLD" (SCRIBNER'S)

CROSSING THE FERRY AT SUNSET

BY ETHEL WENDELL TROUT

THE day's work over, and we go our way
Down from our lofty aeries, through the city street
Where noise and clangour, rush and clamour meet,
Down to the quiet river and the bay.

The sun is setting, jewelled, midst the haze
Of soft grey, smoke-cloud mist,
Touched with the palest amethyst,
And all the city's maze of pinnacles is kissed
To softness by its gentle rays,
While the huge ferryboats go slipping, slipping
Like beetles, in and out amidst the silent shipping.

The works of God and man combined,
By the soft glory of the sunset glow refined
To something beautiful—no longer cruel,
But kind.

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THE YEAR IN ART*

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

THE impression is still widespread that an art book is a book "about" art, a pleasant but parasitic description of paintings or pieces of sculpture, a sort of opera-glass through which the reader may gaze at inaccessible masterpieces. It is a plausible belief. We take it for granted that the artist is striving to imitate nature with paint or marble; what could be more logical than for the critic to try to imitate pictures with words? Many useful and entertaining writers

*1—Famous Sculpture. By Charles L. Barstow. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

2—The Russian Arts. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

3—The Russian School of Painting. By Alexandre Benois. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00.

4—French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspinwall Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

5—Pontormo: His Life and Work. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $7.50.

6—Catalogue of the Jarves Collection at Yale University. By Osvald Sirén. New Haven: Yale University Press. $7.50.

7—Venetian Painting in America: The XVth Century. By Bernhard Berenson. New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman. $4.00.

8—The Quest of the Quaint. By Virginia Robie. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

9—English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. By Herbert Cescinsky. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $50.00.

10—Chinese Pottery and Porcelain. By R. L. Hobson. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $25.00.

11—Jacobean Furniture. By Helen Churchill Candee. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

12—The Blue-China Book. By Ada W. Camehl. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

13—Ivory and the Elephant. By George F. Kunz. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $7.50.

14—The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Abbot McClure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.00.

15—The Art of Interior Decoration. By Grace Wood and Emily Burbank. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

16—The New Interior. By Hazel H. Adler. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

17—A History of Ornament: Mediæval and Modern. By A. D. F. Hamlin. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

18—Parks: Their Design, Equipment and Use. By George Burnap. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.00.

19—The San Diego Garden Fair. By Eugen Neuhaus. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company. $1.50.

20—Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. By Christian Brinton. New York: John Lane Company. $3.00.

21—Certain Contemporaries. By A. E. Gallatin. New York: John Lane Company. $3.00.

22—Journalism versus Art. By Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

23—Famous Painters of America. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

24—Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders. By George Wharton Edwards. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $5.00.

25—Raemaekers' Cartoons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $5.00.

26—One Hundred Cartoons by Cesare. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $3.00.

27—Joseph Pennell's Pictures of the Wonder of Work. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

28—Sketches in Poetry, Prose, Paint and Pencil. By James H. Worthington and Robert P. Baker. New York: John Lane Company. $15.00.

29—Art. By Auguste Rodin. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $3.50.

30—The Creative Will. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

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have done little else; and as for the artist himself, however fiercely he may deny the first proposition, he has little to gain by combating the second. Why not let people think of him as a comet who accumulates a somewhat diaphanous literary tail in the course of his meteoric flight toward the sun? This was all true at one time, but the character of our art books has been slowly changing. The majority of them are now soundly built, intricately organised, and well able to stand alone. It is from this constructive standpoint that we must view them to gain an adequate idea of their full value.

The change, of course, has been due to our increasing knowledge of the original works of art. Mere descriptions have ceased to interest us. Younger readers, naturally, need books like *Famous Sculpture*,[1] which describe, explain, and repeat the classic things that others have said. And the rest of us, likewise, in view of our vast ignorance of all the Russian arts which have never been transcribed, or translated, or transported to America, want our first books on the subject to be chiefly reportorial. *The Russian Arts*[2] is very properly a vigourous, well-knit sketch of the whole development of architecture, painting, sculpture, and the minor allied arts from earliest times up to the last fantastic novelty of the modernists. Alexandre Benois,[3] himself a Russian and a painter, writes of his more limited subject with that peculiar blend of ease and authority which is the hall-mark of thorough knowledge, but never assumes too much familiarity with the subject on the part of his readers. Mrs. Newmarch's book has the advantage of clearer illustrations and an index. *French Etchers of the Second Empire*[4] deals with better known material, and Mr. Bradley accordingly exerts himself to build more definitely with it. In the first essay, from a few of Meryon's letters, from his visits to Baudelaire, and from the morbid contemplative poems which he engraved on copper after the manner of Blake, but which are more akin in spirit to Turner's "Fallacies of Hope," he constructs a vivid portrait of that haunted genius. In the second, he sketches not the man Lalanne but his artistic personality. Still others are group portraits. Over fifty etchings are well reproduced.

With *Pontormo*[5] we reach the full height of constructive scholarship. Among books of American authorship, only Berenson's monograph on that other recluse and visionary of sixteenth century Italy, Lorenzo Lotto, can be compared with it. Mr. Clapp has devoted five years to the accumulation and preparation of his material. He has visited every accessible fragment of Pontormo's work; he has delved through seven hundred catalogues of sales and exhibitions and countless Florentine documents, and has examined the accumulated criticism of four centuries; and he has taken over three hundred photographs. The mass of material thus acquired is not thrown at random at the reader's head, but has been carefully fitted together into a catalogue *raisonné*, which gives an unusually complete description, history, and discussion of every picture known to be Pontormo's or attributed to him; and a biographical sketch of the artist himself, in which all the threads that make up an artist's life are woven into a single strand of smoothly flowing narrative. Unlike many who rediscover neglected artists, he makes no extravagant claims for his hero. We see Pontormo as a supersensitive soul, keenly alive to decorative values, but unfortunately never able to hold firmly to one artistic path, lacking confidence in himself, solitary, wistful. He first followed Albertinelli, then Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo, and Dürer, and finally went to a splendid ruin with Michelangelo. The illustrations are very sensibly grouped together in the middle of the book, for easy reference, instead of being scattered through the text.

The Catalogue of the Jarves Collection at Yale University[6] is a long-delayed continuation of the main stream of constructive art work in America.

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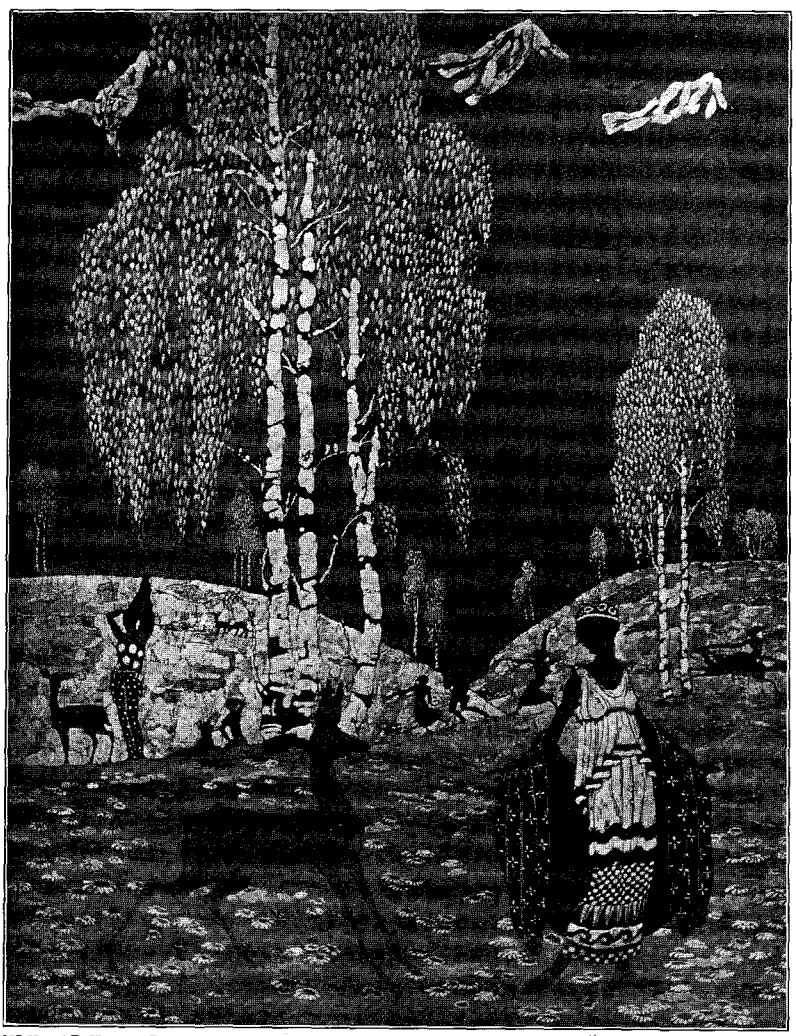

SILK BATIK. PIETER MEYER AND BERTRAND HARTMANN. FROM "THE NEW INTERIOR"

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James Jackson Jarves, for whom the collection is named, was the Columbus, the Galileo, and the George Washington of the collecting of pictures in this country. Forced to leave college on account of his health, he travelled considerably for several years and finally settled in Florence early in the '50s. Like many other nineteenth century Americans, he felt keenly the lack in his own country of the mellowing and inspiring influence of art, and, being an earnest and patriotic soul, he sat down at once to attack the problem with his pen. His numerous books are thoughtful, high-minded, and still readable. After finishing the first one, however, he was struck with the absurdity of writing about Old Masters for a public that had hardly seen one; and with true American practicality and shrewdness he set about making a collection of his own. In 1860, when he had accumulated one hundred and forty-five, he took them to New York and put them on exhibition. For eleven years he literally hawked them about the country, trying in vain to induce some city to buy them as the nucleus for a public museum. In 1871 they were sold at auction to Yale University; and in the galleries of the Yale Art School they have remained ever since, well known to experts as one of the finest collections of early Italian paintings in the world but ignored by the general public. A manual compiled by Russell Sturgis, Jr.,

PHILOSOPHER-ON-THE-ROCK. GEORGE BELLOWS. FROM "JOURNALISM VERSUS ART"

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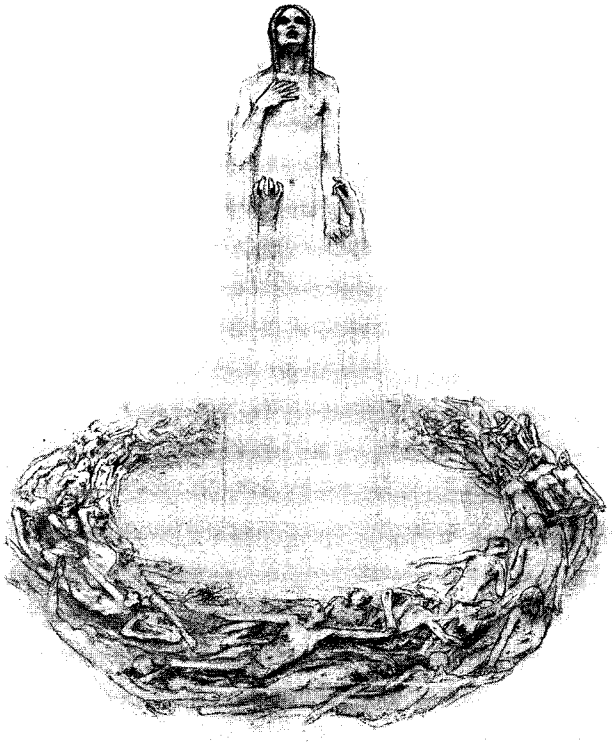

APOTHEOSIS III. ROBERT P. BAKER. FROM "SKETCHES IN POETRY, PROSE, PAINT AND PENCIL"

in 1868, has done duty as a catalogue ever since, although in the meantime the modern science of the attribution of pictures has been sweeping through other galleries, seeking what it might devour. At first glance Dr. Sirén's work seems chiefly destructive, for many of the proudest names of the old catalogue do not appear in the new one,—Cimabue, Giotto, Duccio, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, Verrocchio, Pinturicchio, Perugino, Francia, Bartolommeo, Sodoma, Giorgione, Bellini, Veronese, Velasquez, Dürer, Holbein, and Raphael. Yet anyone who has read his brilliant interpretations and analyses of the pictures, and his discussions of the reasons for attributing them to lesser men, must feel that he has added much more to the interest of the pictures than he has taken away. The book contains reproductions of over eighty of the pictures.

It is needless to say that Mr. Berenson's book[7] does not fall below the standard of the last two either in scholarship or in charm. It is not a formal catalogue of Venetian paintings in America, but a running comment on them arranged to illustrate the development of painting in Venice during the fifteenth century. There is little history and less biography, and all too little of the special charm of the four volumes on the *Painters of the Renaissance*. It is first of all a book for the student who has become fascinated by the problems of attribution and of tracing the influence of some dominant painter down through the third and fourth generations. The

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numerous hints as to the exact methods pursued in that somewhat mysterious science remind one, however, of the prestidigitator who pretends to explain his tricks. The reader whose chief interest is in the appreciation of pictures will be especially interested in Mr. Berenson's broader vew of Crivelli, in his theory that the Bellini brothers began their independent career only in middle age, and in seeing full justice done to that much-patronised artist, Cima da

"ST. ANTHONY TORMENTED BY THE DEMONS." STEFANO DI GIOVANNI, CALLED SASSETTA. FROM "CATALOGUE OF THE JARVES COLLECTION AT YALE UNIVERSITY"

Conegliano. Many pictures from private collections that are inaccessible to the public appear among the illustrations.

Since Mr. Jarves's day we have become a nation of collectors. Not all of us have begun to collect Old Masters, but we have advanced beyond Mark Twain's uncle, who collected brickbats. The books which cater to these hobbies are beginning to rival the collections themselves in beauty and interest. They range from books like *The Quest of the Quaint*,[8] which might have for a subtitle "the charm of the chase," to such monumental works of reference as Mr. Cescinsky's *English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century*,[9] whose three volumes contain over a thousand pages and more than thirteen hundred illustrations. Most of them might be described, in constructive phraseology, as textiles. They try to weave the collectible objects and their historical background into an attractive and entertaining tapestry. The variety of the quotations and digressions in Mr. R. L. Hobson's beautiful and authoritative volumes[10] makes them a picture, not merely of a single industry, but of a whole civilisation. Mrs. Candee[11] sketches in lively fashion the influence of clothes, customs, politics, and wives on the chairs in which our great-ancestors sat and the tables from which they ate. *The Blue-China Book*[12] sets our "old blue platters" from the Staffordshire potteries in a framework of early American history. Mr. Kunz[13] has had the happy idea of writing of ivory "on the hoof." His book is a collection in itself,—of amazing and amusing legends, anecdotes, and scientific facts about the elephant, from the days when he roamed through Egypt as a Moeritherium up to the time of Barnum and Bailey, and about the methods of collecting, handling, and carving his front teeth. *The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts*[14] is not merely a practical manual for the collector of the products of all the American crafts up to the time of the Revolution; the authors have hoped as well to increase the "patriotic appreciation" of these things and to "yield encouragement to the more vigourously constructive task of reviving for our own use what was best in the practice of past generations."

And, after all, for a really dynamic hobby one must turn from collecting antiquities either to a craft of one's own or, lacking the knack for that, to the discovery of the innumerable living makers of beautiful things who are still awaiting recognition. It is like leaving

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some dusty occupation to go out on the bleachers and root for the home team! There is one art, at least, which combines both craftsmanship and collecting and is not beyond anyone's powers, *The Art of Interior Decoration.*[15] The book which bears that title happens to emphasise the accumulation of old furniture—one gathers, in fact, that a period possesses the same finality in decoration that it has in written speech—and it has more of interest for the woman with $10,000 than for her sister with two soap-boxes and a piece of cheese cloth; yet the principles which it emphasises and the colour schemes which it suggests are as applicable to a cottage as to a palace. *The New Interior,*[16] however, is a ringing appeal for the frankness, simplicity, and vigour of the modern styles of decoration, and the majority of its inviting rooms are not impossible for a limited purse. The chapter on the little-known Taylor scale of colour harmonies is particularly valuable.

Four other books in this field also deal with the larger, synthetic arts. Professor Hamlin's *History of Ornament,*[17] the first work of its kind in English, is intended first of all for the student of architecture. The general reader, nevertheless, if he has any interest in either history, science, or art need not avoid it for fear of finding it purely technical. A later volume will take up modern and Oriental ornament. *Parks*[18] points out that a park is not merely a green spot in a dirty city, but a complex organ of city life with many functions. Mr. Burnap analyses each one, and shows how various conditions should influence design and treatment. It is a book for city fathers, for inexperienced superintendents, for public-spirited citizens, and even for those dispirited citizens who like to sit around on benches. There are two books on that noblest and most inclusive of our arts, exposition-building. Both Mr. Neuhaus[19] and Mr. Brinton[20] are retrospective and constructive rather than merely appreciative; they have an eye, in their comment, to the expositions that are yet to be built and to the influence that has radiated and will radiate from the two that have recently closed. Mr. Neuhaus's illustrations are as perfect, in their way, as the exposition of which he writes.

Yet all these things are passed over by those who complain that we have no American art, and not without a certain justice. They are, after all, body and not spirit; the daily food that keeps alive the sense of beauty rather than the concentrated expression of the full strength of the spirit. That, among the plastic arts, is found only in sculpture and painting, and our attainments here have not been so great. Yet the day of the complainers is surely past. We have already as rich an art as we deserve. Sargent, Melchers, Hawthorne, Bellows, Carlsen, Schofield, Weir, Dougherty, and as many more are producing pictures that are rich, distinctive, complex, vigourous, and beautiful. They are neither imitating nor repeating; each new picture is an individual and its appearance an event. The time has come when it is less important for us to judge our artists by any absolute standards than to find out what they may be worth to us, to judge them as the French judge Lamartine or the Germans Feuerbach. They have done their share; it is time for the writers to point out to an indifferent public just how large that share is, to give them a little of that glamour of words with which all the Old Masters are surrounded and which is responsible for no small part of their charm. As the war bulletins say, it is not so important to advance as to consolidate the ground already gained.

This season's books have contributed comparatively little to the work,—perhaps it is a task for magazines rather than for books. Mr. Brinton has a sympathetic and illuminating chapter on the most revolutionary tendencies in modern painting, but the work of the more conservative men who were permitted to exhibit at San Francisco stirs him to very little enthusiasm. Mr. Gallatin[21] writes appreciatively of Glackens, Sloan, Lawson, John Marin, and Boardman Robin-

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son; but he is content to classify them for the connoisseur by means of certain labelling phrases which have little meaning for the uninitiated instead of interpreting them to the public which can only stand and stare, and does not care to do that very long. Max Eastman,[22] the most watchful of our radicals and the one with the lightest touch, calls none of these men by name but explains brilliantly why they prefer to paint and draw as they do instead of turning out conventional work designed to "please everybody a little and displease none." His illustrations will startle anyone who has been brought up on a diet of popular magazines. Mr. McSpadden[23] works for the cause by the indirect method of gossiping pleasantly about fourteen American artists, from Benjamin West to Childe Hassam. A few such tales as that of West's first work in colour would surely transform any painter into as delightful and legendary a figure as Rip Van Winkle or George Washington.

Perhaps the five books which offer the reader art itself and not merely words will achieve the most. Mr. Edwards's[24] sketches are sombre, dignified, and simple, as memorials should be. There is a touch of mournfulness in them all, and the tower of St. Rambauld at Malines looks like a widow in her weeds. The text is the usual pleasant jumble of books of travel; the war appears only at intervals, like a sad refrain. Raemaekers[25] and Cesare[26] do not handle it so gingerly. Raemaekers, in fact, often goes beyond the limits of his medium in his attempts to portray its horrors at full strength. Yet fully half his power lies in his unusual faculty for conveying raw, stinging sensation with a few pencil strokes,—the sharpness of a sword, the squeamishness that comes at sight of blood, the softness of decaying flesh. Cesare has not his remarkable gamut of emotional expression, from the purely comic through the bitter and the pathetic to the sublime; his choice of details is not so powerful; and, as he works more with masses than with line, his figures are never so poignant as the Dutchman's. Yet he is always dignified, impressive, intellectually and æsthetically satisfying, and he does not fail altogether as often as Raemaekers. His themes are more fundamental and less bitterly partisan; and in this particular volume he is not encumbered with the mass of pious, stupid, and venomous text under which his rival struggles.

Joseph Pennell introduces his volume of lithographs[27] with a brisk essay in praise of Work as the greatest of all subjects for an artist, and he spares neither his predecessors nor his contemporaries who have ignored it. What is the surprise of the reader, then, to find on turning over the pages that follow that there is hardly a labourer of any description to be found in all Mr. Pennell's fifty-two lithographs! Except for the clouds of smoke and steam they might all have been drawn on Christmas morn! He has merely drawn the places in which men are accustomed to work. And one feels that even then he has not let these towers and excavations and huge masses of moving steel tell their own story of strength and relentlessness, but that he has used them as a basis for a set of very attractive decorations according to his own taste.

The most interesting of the five is Mr. Baker,[28] and it is not altogether because he is making his début. At first, one is apt to be misled by the simplicity, the serenity, and almost academic regularity of his sketches into dismissing them as mere life-studies tinged with a little symbolism; but their simplicity soon transmutes itself into unity, their serenity into the serenity of flame, and their regularity into a classic unwillingness to descend to excess or strain. His designs have a restrained yet limpid beauty that is rare in modern art; his symbolism needs no labels, his abstract ideas have incarnated themselves comfortably in living forms. He carries on the tradition of the great Idealists, Vedder, Burne-Jones, Blake, and the Botticelli of the *Paradiso*.

The ultimate constructive function of

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PRINTEMPS. CESARE. FROM "ONE HUNDRED CARTOONS"

books on art is to build a theory of beauty, of genius, of the true goal of the artist,—of everything that may be included under the forbidding term æsthetics. The writers of this season do little more than gather together stones of which a building may sometime be made. Mr. Worthington contributes such epigrammatic definitions as "Art imitates truth only in so far as truth is needed to make her falsehoods charming," "Art is the method of arousing in man the consciousness of godhead," and "Only the lazy or the weary see things as they are." Auguste Rodin, whose much-quoted book[29] has been reprinted at a more popular price, deals with single problems, such as movement, drawing and colour, mystery, and form.

Willard Huntington Wright's *The Creative Will*[30] is the most stimulating contribution to the subject since La-Farge's *Considerations on Painting,* but it can hardly be called constructive. He has placed many important truths side by side in a series of two hundred and fifty-one numbered *pensées,* but has not tried to articulate them. There is not even an index. There are serious defects and gaps in his reasoning. He assumes, rightly, that art can be tested

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only by the reactions of the human body, but arbitrarily asserts that only certain reactions are important, and dismisses art that appeals to any others as really beneath contempt. He declares that painting must become an abstract art like music, merely because one of its elements, colour, is capable of abstract treatment; he fails to discuss at all the remaining elements which demand that painting remain a representative art. He never defines adequately words or phrases which he distorts into special meanings of his own. It is, of course, possible to do none of these things and still produce a valuable book, but Mr. Wright has unfortunately chosen to be both dogmatic and contemptuous, and to anyone who has dabbled at all in the complexities of æsthetics, dogmatism and contempt from a writer who avoids all the fundamental problems and never alludes to the work of any other æsthetician is somewhat irritating.

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THE HATEFUL RIDGE

AN INCIDENT ON THE SOMME FRONT*

BY FREDERICK PALMER

SOMETIMES it occurred to one to consider what history might say about the Ridge and also to wonder how much history, which pretends to know all, would really know. Thus, one sought perspective of the colossal significance of the uninterrupted battle whose processes numbed the mind and to distinguish the meaning of different stages of the struggle. Nothing had so well reflected the character of the war or of its protagonists, French, British and German, as this grinding of resources, of courage, and of will of three powerful races.

We are always talking of phases as the result of natural human speculation and tendency to set events in groups. Observers also may gratify this inclination as well as the contemporaneous military expert writing from his maps. It is historically accepted, I think, that the first decisive phase was the battle of the Marne, when Paris was saved. The second was Verdun, when the Germans again sought a decision on the western front by an offensive of sledge-hammer blows against frontal positions; and, perhaps, the third came when on the Ridge the British and the French kept up their grim, insistent, piecemeal attacks, holding the enemy week in and week out on the defensive, aiming at mastery as the scales trembled in the new turn of the balance and the initiative passed from one side to the other in the beginning of that new era.

This scarred slope with its gentle ascent, this section of farming land with its woods growing more ragged every day from shell fire, with its daily and nightly thunders, its trickling procession of wounded and prisoners down the communication trenches speaking the last word in human bravery, industry, determination and endurance — this might one day be not only the monument to the positions of all the battalions that had fought, its copses, its villages, its knolls famous to future generations, as is Little Round Top with us, but in its monstrous realism an immortal expression, unrealised by those who fought, of a commander's iron will and foresight in gaining that supremacy in arms, men and material which was the genesis of the great decision.

The German had not yielded his offensive at Verdun after the attack of July 1st. At least he still showed the face of initiative there while he rested content that at the same time he could maintain his front intact on the Somme. The succeeding attack of July 15th broke his confidence with its suggestion that the confusion in his lines would be too dangerous if it happened over a broader front for him to consider anything but the defensive. Thus, the Allied offensive had broken his offensive.

Now he began drawing away his divisions from the Verdun sector, bringing guns to answer the British and French fire and men whose prodigal use alone could enforce his determination to maintain his morale and prevent any further bold strokes such as that of July 15th.

His sausage balloons began to reappear in the sky as the summer wore on; he increased the number of his aeroplanes; more of his five-point-nine how-

*From *My Second Year of the Great War,* by Frederick Palmer, to be published on the 24th of February.—*Editor's Note.*

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itzers were sending their compliments; he stretched out his shell fire over communication trenches and strong points; mustered great quantities of lachrymatory shells and for the first time used gas shells with a generosity which spoke his faith in their efficacy. The lachrymatory shell makes your eyes smart, and the Germans apparently considered this a great auxiliary to high explosives and shrapnel. Was it because of the success of the first gas attack at Ypres that they now placed such reliance in gas shells? The shell when it lands seems a "dud," which is a shell that has failed to explode; then it blows out a volume of gas.

"If one hit right under your nose," said a soldier, "and you hadn't your gas mask on, it might kill you. But when you see one fall you don't run to get a sniff in order to accommodate the Boche by asphyxiating yourself."

Another soldier suggested that the Germans had a big supply on hand and were working off the stock for want of other kinds. The British, who by this time were settled in the offensive, joked about the deluge of gas shells, with a gallant, amazing humour. Going up to the Ridge was going to their regular duty. They did not shirk it or hail it with delight. They simply went, that was all, when it was a battalion's turn to go.

July heat became August heat as the grinding proceeded. The gunners worked in their shirts or stripped to the waist. Sweat streaks mapped the faces of the men who came out of the trenches. Stifling clouds of dust hung over the roads, with the trucks phantom-like as they emerged from the gritty mist and their drivers' eyes peered out of masks of grey which clung to their faces. A fall of rain came as a blessing to Briton and German alike. German prisoners worn with exhaustion had complexions the tint of their uniforms. If the British seemed weary sometimes, one had only to see the prisoners to realise that the defensive was suffering more than the offensive. The fatigue of some of the men was of the kind that one week's sleep or a month's rest will not cure; something fixed in their beings.

It was a new kind of fighting for the Germans. They smarted under it, they who had been used to the upper hand. In the early stages of the war their artillery had covered their well-ordered charges; they had been killing the enemy with gun fire. Now the Allies were returning the compliment; the shoe was on the other foot. A striking change, indeed, from "On to Paris!", the old battle-cry of leaders who had now come to urge these men to the utmost of endurance and sacrifice by telling them that if they did not hold against the relentless hammering of British and French guns, what had been done to French villages would be done to their own.

Prisoners spoke of peace as having been promised as close at hand by their officers. In July the date had been set as September 1st. Later, it was set as November 1st. The German was as a swimmer trying to reach shore, in this case peace, with the assurance of those who urged him on that a few more strokes would bring him there. Thus have armies been urged on for years.

Those fighting did not have, as had the prisoners, their eyes opened to the vast preparations behind the British lines to carry on the offensive. Mostly the prisoners were amiable, peculiarly unlike the proud men taken in the early days of the war, when confidence in their "system" as infallible was at its height. Yet there were exceptions. I saw an officer marching at the head of the survivors of his battalion along the road from Montauban one day with his head up, a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth at an aggressive angle, his unshaven chin and dusty clothes heightening his attitude of "You go to——, you English!"

The hatred of the British was a strengthening factor in the defence. Should they, the Prussians, be beaten by New Army men? No! Die first! said Prussian officers. The German staff

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might be as good as ever, but among the mixed troops—the old and the young, the hollow-chested and the square-shouldered, mouth-breathers with spectacles and bent fathers of families, vigourous boys in their late 'teens with the down still on their cheeks and hardened veterans survivors of many battles, east and west—they were reverting appreciably to natural human tendencies despite the iron discipline.

It was Skobeloff, if I recollect rightly, who said that out of every hundred men twenty were natural fighters, sixty were average men who would fight under impulse or when well led, and twenty were timid; and armies were organised on the basis of the sixty average to make them into a whole of even efficiency in action. The German staff had supplied supreme finesse to this end. They had an army that was a machine; yet its units were flesh and blood and the pounding of shell fire and the dogged fighting on the Ridge must have an effect.

It became apparent through those two months of piecemeal advance that the sixty average men were not as good as they had been. The twenty "funksticks," in army phrase, were given to yielding themselves if they were without an officer, but the twenty natural fighters—well, human psychology does not change. They were the type that made the professional armies of other days, the brigands, too, and also those of every class of society to whom patriotic duty had become an exaltation approaching fanaticism. More fighting made them fight harder.

Such became members of the machine gun corps, which took an oath never to surrender, and led bombing parties, and posted themselves in shell-craters to face the charges while shells fell thick around them, or remained up in the trench taking their chances against curtains of fire that covered an infantry charge, in the hope of being able to turn on their own bullet spray for a moment before being killed. Sometimes their dead bodies were found strapped to their guns, more often probably by their own request, as an insurance against deserting their posts, than by command.

Shell fire was the theatricalism of the struggle and the roar of guns its thunder; but night or day the sound of the staccato of that little arch devil of killing, the machine gun, coming from the Ridge seemed as true an expression of what was always going on there as a rattle-snake's rattle is of its character. Delville and High Woods and Guillemont and Longueval and the Switch Trench —these are symbolic names of that attrition, of the heroism of British persistence which would not take No for answer.

You might think that you had seen ruins until you saw those of Guillemont after it was taken. They were the granulation of bricks and mortar and earth mixed by the blasts of shell fire which crushed solids into dust and splintered splinters. Guillemont lay beyond Trônes Wood across an open space where the German guns had full play. There was a stone quarry on the outskirts and a quarry no less than a farm like Waterlot, which was to the northward, and Falfemont, to the southward and flanking the village, formed shelter. It was not much of a quarry, but it was a hole which would be refuge for reserves and machine guns. The two farms, clear targets for British guns, had their deep dugouts, whose roofs were reinforced by the ruins that fell upon them against penetration even by shells of large calibre. How the Germans fought to keep Falfemont! Once they sent out a charge with the bayonet to meet a British charge between walls of shell fire and there through the mist the steel was seen flashing and vague figures wrestling.

Guillemont and the farms won, and Quinchy, which lay beyond, won, and the British had their flank on high ground. Twice they were in Guillemont but could not remain, though as usual they kept some of their gains. It was a battle from dugout to dugout, from shelter to shelter of any kind burrowed in débris or in fields, with the British never ceasing here or elsewhere to continue

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their pressure. And the débris of a village had particular appeal; it yielded to the spade; its piles gave natural cover.

A British soldier returning from one of the attacks as he hobbled through Trônes Wood expressed to me the essential generalship of the battle. He was outwardly as unemotional as if he were coming home from his day's work, respectful and good-humoured, though he had a hole in both arms from machine gun fire, a shrapnel wound in the heel, and seemed a trifle resentful of the added tribute of another shrapnel wound in his shoulder after he had left the firing-line and was on his way to the casualty clearing station. Insisting that he could lift the cigarette I offered him to his lips and light it, too, he said:

"We've only to keep at them, sir. They'll go."

So the British kept at them and so did the French at every point. Was Delville Wood worse than High Wood? This is too nice a distinction in torments to be drawn. Possess either of them completely and command of the Ridge in that section was won. The edge of a wood on the side away from your enemy was the easiest part to hold. It is difficult to range artillery on it because of restricted vision, and the enemy's shells aimed at it strike the trees and burst prematurely among his own men. Other easy, relatively easy, places to hold are the dead spaces of gullies and ravines. There you were out of fire and there you were not; there you could hold and there you could not. Machine gun fire and shell fire were the arbiters of topography more dependable than maps.

Why all the trees were not cut down by the continual bombardments of both sides was past understanding. There was one lone tree on the skyline near Longueval which I had watched for weeks. It still had a limb, yes, the luxury of a limb, the last time that I saw it, pointing with a kind of defiance in its immunity. Of course it had been struck many times. Bits of steel were imbedded in its trunk; but only a direct hit on the trunk will bring down a tree. Trees may be slashed and whittled and nicked and gashed and still stand; and when villages have been pulverised except for the timbering of the houses, a scarred shade tree will remain.

Thus, trees in Delville Wood survived, naked sticks among fallen and splintered trunks and upturned roots. How any man could have survived was the puzzling thing. None could if he had remained there continuously and exposed himself; but man is the most cunning of animals. With gas mask and eye-protectors ready, steel helmet on his head and his faithful spade to make himself a new hole whenever he moved, he managed the incredible in self-protection. Earth piled back of a tree-trunk would stop bullets and protect his body from shrapnel. There he lay and there a German lay opposite him, except when attacks were being made.

Not getting the northern edge of the woods, the British began sapping out in trenches to the east toward Guinchy, where the map contours showed the highest ground in that neighbourhood. New lines of trenches kept appearing on the map, often with group names such as Coffee Alley, Tea Lane and Beer Street, perhaps. Out in the open, along the irregular plateau, the shells were no more kindly, the bombing and the sapping no less diligent, all the way to the windmill where the Australians were playing the same kind of a game. With the actual summit gained at certain points, these had to be held pending the taking of the whole, or of enough to permit a wave of men to move forward in a general attack without its line being broken by the resistance of strong points, which meant confusion.

Before any charge the machine guns must be "killed." No initiative of pioneer or Indian scout surpassed that exhibited in conquering machine-gun positions. When a big game hunter tells you about having stalked tigers, ask him if he has ever stalked a machine gun to its lair.

As for the nature of the lair, here is one where a Briton "dug himself in" to

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be ready to repulse any counter-attack to recover ground that the British had just won. Some layers of sand-bags are sunk level with the earth, with an excavation back of them large enough for a machine-gun standard and to give the barrel swing and for the gunner, who back of this had dug himself a well four or five feet deep of sufficient diameter to enable him to huddle at the bottom in "stormy weather." He was general and army, too, of his little establishment. In the midst of shells and trench mortars, with bullets whizzing around his head, he had to keep a cool aim and make every pellet which he poured out of his gun muzzle count against the wave of men coming toward him, who were at his mercy if he could remain alive for a few minutes and keep his head.

He must not reveal his position before his opportunity came. All around where this Briton had held the fort there were shell-craters like the dots of close shooting around a bull's-eye; no tell-tale blood spots this time, but a pile of two or three hundred cartridge cases lying where they had fallen as they were emptied of their cones of lead. Luck was with the occupant, but not with another man playing the same game not far away. Broken bits of gun and fragments of cloth mixed with earth explained the fate of a German machine gunner who had emplaced his piece in the same manner.

Before a charge, crawl up at night from shell-crater to shell-crater and locate the enemy's machine guns. Then, if your own guns and the trench mortars do not get them, go stalking with supplies of bombs and remember to throw yours before the machine gunner, who also has a stock for such emergencies, throws his. When a machine gun begins rattling into a company front in a charge the men drop for cover, while officers consider how to draw the devil's tusks. Arnold von Winkelried, who gathered the spears to his breast to make a path for his comrades, won his glory because the fighting forces were small in his day. But with such enormous forces as are now engaged and with heroism so common, we make only an incident of the officer who went out to silence a machine gun and was found lying dead across the gun with the gunner dead beside him.

Those whose business it was to observe, the six correspondents, Robinson, Thomas, Gibbs, Philips (and Irvin when Philips was absent), Russell and myself, went and came always with a sense of incapacity and sometimes with a feeling that writing was a worthless business when others were fighting. The line of advance on the big map at our quarters extended as the brief army reports were read into the squares every morning by the key of figures and numerals with a detail that included every little trench, every copse, every landmark, and then we chose where we would go that day. At corps headquarters there were maps with still more details and officers would explain the previous day's work with us. Every wood and village, every viewpoint, we knew, and every casualty clearing station and prisoners' inclosure. At battalion camps within sight of the Ridge and within range of the guns, where their blankets helped to make shelter from the sun, you might talk with the men out of the fight and lunch and chat with the officers who awaited the word to go in again or perhaps to hear that their tour was over and they could go to rest in Ypres sector, which has become relatively quiet.

They had their letters and packages from home before they slept and had written letters in return after waking; and there was nothing to do now except to relax and breathe, to renew the vitality which had been expended in the fierce work where shells were still threshing the earth, which rose in clouds of dust to settle back again in enduring passive resistance.

There was much talk early in the war about British cheerfulness; so much that officers and men began to resent it as expressing the idea that they took such

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a war as this as a kind of holiday, when it was the last thing outside of Hades that any sane man would choose. It was a question in my own mind at times if Hades would not have been a pleasant change. Yet the characterisation is true, peculiarly true, even in the midst of the fighting on the Ridge. Cheerfulness takes the place of emotionalism as the armour against hardship and death; a good-humoured balance between exhilaration and depression which meets smile with smile and creates an atmosphere superior to all vicissitudes. Why should we be down-hearted? Why, indeed, when it does no good. Not "Merrie England!" War is not a merry business; but an Englishman may be cheerful for the sake of self and comrades.

Of course, these battalions, officers and men, would talk about it when the war would be over. Even the Esquimaux must have had an opinion on the subject by this time. That of the men who make the war, whose lives are the lives risked, was worth more, perhaps, than that of people living thousands of miles away; for it is they who are doing the fighting, who will stop fighting. To them it would be over when it was won. The time this would require varied with different men—one year, two years; and again they would turn satirical and argue whether the sixth or the seventh year would be the worst. And they talked shop about the latest wrinkles in fighting; how best to avoid having men buried by shell bursts; the value of gas and lachrymatory shells; the ratio of high explosives to shrapnel; methods of "cleaning out" dugouts or "doing in" machine guns, all in a routine that had become an accepted part of life like the details of the stock carried and methods of selling in a department store.

Indelible the memories of these talks, which often brought out illustrations of racial temperament. One company was more horrified over having found a German tied to a trench *parados* to be killed by British shell fire as a field punishment than by the horrors of other men equally mashed and torn, or at having crawled over the moist bodies of the dead, or slept among them, or been covered with spatters of blood and flesh—for that incident struck home with a sense of brutal militarism, which was the thing in their minds against which they were fighting.

With steel helmets on and gas masks over our shoulders, we would leave our car at the dead line and set off to "see something," when now the fighting was all hidden in the folds of the ground, or in the woods, or lost on the horizon, where the front line of either of these two great armies, with their immense concentration of men and material and roads gorged with transport and thousands of belching guns, was held by a few men with machine guns in shell-craters, their positions sometimes interwoven. Old hands in the Somme battle become shell-wise. They are the ones whom the French call "varnished," which is a way of saying that projectiles glance off their anatomy. They keep away from points where the enemy will direct his fire as a matter of habit or scientific gunnery, and always recollect that the German has not enough shells to sow them broadcast over the whole battle area.

It is not an uncommon thing for one to feel quite safe within a couple of hundred yards of an artillery concentration. That corner of a village, that edge of a shattered grove, that turn in the highway, that sunken road—keep away from them! Any kind of trench for shrapnel; lie down flat unless a satisfactory dugout is near for protection from high explosives which burst in the earth. If you are at the front and a curtain of fire is put behind you, wait until it is over or go around it. If there is one ahead, wait until another day—provided that you are a spectator. Always bear in mind how unimportant you are, how small a figure on the great field, and that if every shell fired had killed one soldier there would not be an able-bodied man in uniform left alive on the continent of Europe. By observing these sim-

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ple rules you may see a surprising amount with a chance of surviving.

One day I wanted to go into the old German dugouts under a formless pile of ruins which a British colonel had made his battalion headquarters; but I did not want to go enough to persist when I understood the situation. Formerly, my idea of a good dugout—and I always like to be within striking distance of one—was a cave twenty feet deep with a roof of four or five layers of granite, rubble and timber; but now I feel more safe if the fragments of a town hall are piled on top of this.

The Germans were putting a shell every minute with clockwork regularity into the colonel's "happy home" and at intervals four shells in a salvo. You had to make a run for it between the shells, and if you did not know the exact location of the dugout you might have been hunting for it some time. Runners bearing messages took their chances both going and coming and two men were hit. The colonel was quite safe twenty feet underground with the matting of débris, including that of a fallen chimney overhead, but he was a most unpopular host. The next day he moved his headquarters, and not having been considerate enough to inform the Germans of the fact, they kept on methodically pounding the roof of the untenanted premises.

After every battlefield "promenade" I was glad to step into the car waiting at the "dead line," where the chauffeurs frequently had had harder luck in being shelled than we had farther forward. Yet I know of no worse place to be in than a car when you hear the first growing scream which indicates that yours is the neighbourhood selected by a German battery or two for expending some of its ammunition. When you are in danger you like to be on your feet and to possess every one of your faculties. I used to put cotton in my ears when I walked through the area of the gun positions as some protection to the eardrums from the blasts, but always took it out once I was beyond the big calibres, as an acute hearing after some experience gave you instant warning of any "krump" or five-point-nine coming in your direction, advising you which way to dodge and also saving you from unnecessarily running for a dugout if the shell were passing well overhead or short.

I was glad, too, when the car left the field quite behind and was over the hills in peaceful country. But one never knew. Fifteen miles from the front line was not always safe. Once when a sudden outburst of fifteen-inch naval shells sent the people of a town to cover and scattered fragments over the square, one cut open the back of the chauffeur's head just as we were getting into our car.

"Are you going out to be strafed at?" became an inquiry in the mess on the order of "Are you going to take an afternoon off for golf to-day?" The only time I felt that I could claim any advantage in phlegm over my comrades was when I slept through two hours of aerial bombing with anti-aircraft guns busy in the neighbourhood, which, as I explained, was no more remarkable than sleeping in a hotel at home with flat-wheeled surface cars and motor horns screeching under your window. A subway employee or a traffic policeman in New York ought never to suffer from shell-shock if he goes to war.

The account of personal risk which in other wars might make a magazine article or a book chapter, once you sat down to write it, melted away as your ego was reduced to its proper place in cosmos. Individuals had never been so obscurely atomic. With hundreds of thousands fighting, personal experience was valuable only as it expressed that of the whole. Each story brought back to the mess was much like others, thrilling for the narrator and repetition for the polite listener, except it was some officer fresh from the communication trench who brought news of what was going on in that day's work.

Thus, the battle had become static; its incidents of a kind like the product of some mighty mill. The public, falsely

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expecting that the line would be broken, wanted symbols of victory in fronts changing on the map and began to weary of the accounts. It was the late Charles A. Dana who is credited with saying: "If a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is."

Let the men attack with hatchets and in evening dress, and this would win all the headlines in the land, because people at their breakfast tables would say: "Here is something new in the war!" Men killing men was not news, but a battalion of trained bloodhounds sent out to bite the Germans would have been. I used to try to hunt down some of the "novelties" which received the favour of publication, but though they were well known abroad the man in the trenches had heard nothing about them.

Bullets, shells, bayonets and bombs remained the tried and practical methods there on the Ridge with its overpowering drama, any act of which almost any day was greater than Spionkop or Magersfontein, which thrilled a world that was not then war-stale; and ever its supreme feature was that determination which was like a kind of fate in its progress of chipping, chipping at a stone foundation that must yield.

The Ridge seeped in one's very existence. You could see it as clearly in imagination as in reality, with its horizon under shell-bursts and the slope with its maze of burrows and its battered trenches. Into those calm army reports association could read many indications: the telling fact that the German losses in being pressed off the Ridge were as great if not greater than the British, their sufferings worse under a heavier deluge of shell fire, the increased skill of the offensive and the failure of German counter-attacks after each advance.

No one doubted that the Ridge would be taken, and taken it was, or all of it that was needed for the drive that was to clean up any outstanding points, with its sweep down into the valley. A victory this, not to be measured by territory; for in one day's rush more ground was gained than in two months of siege. A victory of position, of will, of *morale!* Sharpening its steel and wits on enemy steel and wits in every kind of fighting, the New Army had proved itself in the supreme test of all qualities.

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THE NEW NOBEL PRIZE WINNER VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE conscientious person who tries to be "up in literature" is truly to be pitied in these cosmopolitan days. From a strenuous pursuit of the latest French and German masters he is called upon first to cross the dreary steppes of the Russian novel. Then come excursions into widely diverging districts to get at such authors as Ibsen, Fogazzaro, Tchekov, Verhaeren and Strindberg. Finally, after being lured to the Far East by the charm of Tagore, he is compelled by the last Nobel award to return to the North and contemplate the genius of Verner von Heidenstam.

But perhaps, after all, our sympathy with the "keep-posted" crank is misapplied. Has he not confused himself by mistaking opportunities for obligations? He is in fact no wiser than a man at a table d'hote dinner who insists on eating everything, regardless of whether he really wants it or can digest it. Now that fashions in literature begin to be as imperative as fashions in dress, we may ask ourselves whether the common-sense advice of Mr. A. C. Benson should not be more heeded. It is inspiring to find so scholarly an author as Mr. Benson saying in substance: Do not read what you think you ought to read, read what you want to read.

Let us then regard Heidenstam in the light of an opportunity. I remember two years ago in London, just before the war broke out, talking with Mr. William Heinemann, the well-known publisher, on the subject of Continental literature. He remarked that as most people who cared for French or German works could read them in the original, the future of translations would lie in Russian, and—he added—in Scandinavian. How true the prediction was for Russian I need not say; it was of course much hastened by the war. Scandinavian has come more slowly, but Strindberg in the drama and Selma Lagerlöf in the novel have assuredly won their way to general recognition. We may then safely assume that it will not be long before other Swedish writers of eminence are given a favourable hearing.

There are many reasons why Swedish literature should be congenial to American readers. It is Teutonic, it is virile and close to the soil, it is markedly individual in form and yet often exquisite in artistic finish, it is full of geniality and keen humour, and it is modern in the progressive, not in the decadent, sense. Selma Lagerlöf's novels illustrate many of these qualities, and their popularity is likely to increase indefinitely. Strindberg is better known for the cosmopolitan—the unpleasant—side of his genius than for his vigourous and thoroughly healthy plays of Swedish history. It is, however, in poetry that the spirit of Sweden has found its fullest expression, and of Swedish poetry we in America know as yet practically nothing. The names even of such great modern masters of metre as Rydberg, Fröding, and Karlfeldt have been heard in America only by their compatriots.

The Nobel Prize for Literature has most certainly had a stimulating effect on the international spirit. Spanish drama, Italian poetry, the Provençal revival, Indian mysticism—how much attention should we have paid them had it not been for the recognised ability and impartiality of the Nobel Jury? We may be sure therefore that Swedish poetry has something of value to offer us when its principal living exponent is

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selected to receive the distinguished award.

Born in 1859, Verner von Heidenstam first came into literary prominence in 1888 with a volume of lyrical poems entitled *Pilgrimage and Wanderyears.* This volume was the result of a long period spent in travel, principally in Italy and the Orient. The marked success of these poems was due not only to the sincere and individual personality of the author, but to the fact that they came as a relief in a period of exaggerated realism. Their remote setting and the romantic treatment of the material at once caught the Swedish imagination. People were glad to forget social questions and problem-plays of sex either by losing themselves in the colourful representation of the East, or by entering into the intimate recesses of the poet's own consciousness. For Heidenstam has almost equally the gifts of clear-cut objectivity and of deep self-analysis.

But it is not only as a poet that Heidenstam has won his high reputation. Shortly after the lyrical volume already mentioned he brought out a novel, *Hans Alienus,* much in the same idealistic vein, describing a pilgrimage through many lands in search of beauty. In the prose style, as in the poetry, there is an earnestness, a depth of vision that holds the reader even though he be out of sympathy with the immediate subject in hand. Heidenstam has a fascination for us like that of the student or the collector who is so powerfully engrossed by his speciality that he impresses even the most casual acquaintance with whom he happens to talk.

At first Heidenstam's appeal was chiefly to the clique of dilettanti. He was admitted to be a new phenomenon in literature, but his point of view was felt to be somewhat morbid and self-absorbed, and his style was characterised as "exotic." This impression was largely modified by the appearance of a second volume of verse, *Poems,* and of a second novel, founded on Swedish history, *The Carolines.* In both of these works, written after he had settled definitely in his native land, Heidenstam showed the growing love and understanding for Sweden which have since made him a popular idol. There is also a strong infusion of realism into his style; not the realism of the social statistician, but the realism of the fine-spirited artist who, as he develops, becomes more and more conscious of the need for observed fact as a basis for imagination. Always self-analytical, Heidenstam evidently began to appreciate the responsibility of his high calling. Consequently, striking his roots deeply into his native soil, he soon began to exhibit a forceful sturdiness which could never have been developed in a southern climate.

It is this national element in his work that Heidenstam has cultivated up to the present time. It appeared in three later novels, in various historical studies, and in the volume entitled *New Poems,* which, though it was only published in 1915, contained many pieces already famous through magazines. Thus Heidenstam has come to represent to the Swedish people the principle of their new nationalism, of their new striving to be a great and united people. He means to them much what Mistral meant to the south of France, or Carducci to Italy. The nearest thing we have to it in English is the spirit found in Henley's "England, My England," and in some of the well-known pieces of Kipling. It would be hard, I fear, to discover anything approaching it in American literature to-day.

If we were asked to state in a few words the reason why the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1916 was given to Heidenstam, we should probably be right in saying that it was because he has become the recognised spokesman of Sweden. His vividness in the portrayal of beauty, his psychological insight, and his stylistic ability *per se* count for comparatively little in this connection. A glance at the previous prize winners will convince us of this. Björnsen, Mistral, Echegaray, Sienkiewicz in his later work, Carducci, Kipling, Heyse, Lager-

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löf and Tagore are all figures of national importance, their names awaken a thrill in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen. Prudhomme, Mommsen, Eucken, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann compose a more scholarly and æsthetic group, a group that appeals much less to the imagination, but they stand for ideas that are potent in the development of their respective lands. Rolland, the last choice previous to Heidenstam, was doubtless selected for his fine international spirit as shown both in *Jean Christophe* and in his attitude on the war. The writers who are unthinkable as Nobel prize winners despite their artistic achievements are such men as D'Annunzio, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Andreyev and George Moore. As for us in America, we might once have advanced the claims of Whitman, of Mark Twain, even of Riley. Now whom have we?

But a knowledge of why Verner von Heidenstam has received the Nobel Prize does not by any means convey a full knowledge of his genius. There are, as we have noted, two distinct phases of his work: the first, personal and introspective; the second, national and self-dedicatory. His style in the former field is extremely difficult; being involved, compressed and very rapid in its changes from idea to idea or figure to figure. In marked contrast is the clear, direct style of the poet when he loses himself in thinking of his country. It is impossible to recognise two poems in these conflicting manners as being by the same author, unless perhaps we notice a certain tendency to over-compactness and an abrupt shifting of thought as common to both. Intensity is a constant quantity in Heidenstam's writing, but the intensity of, for instance, "Thoughts in Solitude" would never suggest that of "Invocation and Promise."

But to convey any understanding of Heidenstam's peculiar essence we must resort to illustration. The following poem is like a glimmer in the twilight. Others of a similar kind make us fancy ourselves on the brink of a deep and narrow crater, gazing at the lurid gleams that pierce the darkness below. Gloom, hyper-sensitiveness, spiritual isolation—these are the moods induced by such of Heidenstam's poems as that which we are about to examine.

THE DOVE OF THOUGHT

Lone the dove of thought goes lagging
Through the storm, with pinions dragging
O'er an autumn lake the while.
Earth's aflame, the heart's a-fever.
Seek, my dove,—alas! thou never
Comest to Oblivion's isle.

Hapless dove, shall one brief minute,
Flaming, fright thee to a swoon?
Sleep thou on my hand. Full soon,
Hushed and hurt, thou'lt lie within it.

This is a rather morbid and complex, but in its way very affecting, poem. The difficulty of it lies in the entangling of the physical with the metaphysical world. The flaming of the earth in autumn colours is apparently identified with the feverishness of the restless human heart, a not very apt metaphor. But the picture of the dove conveys with delicate skill the fluttering feeling of spiritual uncertainty to which all of us can bear witness. It is to this class of interest that most of Heidenstam's poems and much of his prose belong.

But the other class, though smaller, is of far wider significance. In it we are inspired not only by the author's love of Sweden but by his thorough democratic spirit. It is very remarkable that a man of aristocratic background and idealistic training should so fully sympathise with the common people. For instance, Heidenstam has said that no man did so much harm to Sweden as did Charles XII, one of the great national idols. With the truly modern historic sense he perceives that a world-conquering hero, a Hannibal or a Napoleon, is worse than nothing compared with the steady development of a people in their natural sphere, however small. Charles wasted men and money,

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and his victories only brought upon him the hostility of the neighbours whose rights he had invaded.

But we cannot better display the spirit which has given Heidenstam his literary eminence, and incidentally the Nobel award, than by quoting in extenso the ringing summons to his people in the lines of

INVOCATION AND PROMISE

If three of my neighbours should cry: "Forget
Our greatness of bygone ages!"
I'd answer: "Arise, oh North, who yet
Mayst be what my dream presages!"
The vision of greatness may bring again
New deeds like those of our betters.
Come, open the graves—nay, give us men
For Science and Art and Letters!

Aye, give us a folk by the deep-sea strand,
Where a fool his poor neck may shatter.
There are other things, men, to hold your hand
Than a brim-ful Egyptian platter.
It were better the plate should be split in two
Than that hearts should rot when still living.
That no folk should be more great than you,—
That's the goal, why count we the striving?

It were better to feel the avenger's might
Than that years unto naught should have hasted,
It were better our people should perish quite
And our fields and cities be wasted.
It is braver the chance of the dice to take
Than to mope till our fire is expended;
It is finer to hear the bow-string break
Than never the bow to have bended.

I wake in the night, but I hear no sound
Save the waters seething and churning.
Like a soldier of Judah, prone on the ground,
I could pray with passionate yearning.
I ask not a year of sunshine bright,
Nor for golden crops I importune.
Kind Fate, let the blazing thunderbolt smite
This folk with a year of misfortune!

Yea, smite us and lash us into one,
And the bluest of springs will follow.
Ye smile, my folk, but with face as of stone,
Ye sing, but your joy is hollow.
Ye rather would dance in silk attire
Than solve your own riddle clearly.
To youthful deeds ye might yet aspire
If again ye could weep sincerely.

Then on, fair daughter, in hardship bred,
Let shyness and sloth forsake thee.
We love thee so that, if thou wert dead,
Our love to life could awake thee.
Though the bed be hard, though the midnight lowers,
We'll be true while the tempest rages,
Thou people, thou land, thou speech that is ours,
Thou voice of our souls to the ages!

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ONE AMERICAN WOMAN FOR FRANCE: MADAME WADDINGTON

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

ONE has learned to associate Mme. Waddington so intimately with the brilliant surface of Europe, that although everyone knows she was born in New York of historic American parentage, one recalls with something of a shock now and then that she was not only educated in this country but did not go to France to live until after the death of her father in 1871.

This no doubt accounts for the fact that, meeting her for the first time today, one finds her unmistakably an American woman. Her language may be French, but she has a directness and simplicity that no more identifies her with European women of any class than with the well-known exigencies of diplomacy. Mme. Waddington strikes one as quite remarkably fearless and downright; she appears to be as outspoken as she is vivacious; and as her husband had a highly successful career as a diplomatist, and as his debt to his brilliant wife is freely conceded, Mme. Waddington certainly is a notable instance of the gay persistence of an intelligent American woman's personality, combined with the proper proportion of acuteness, quickness and charm which force a highly conventionalised society to take her on her own terms. The greater number of diplomatic women, as well as ladies-in-waiting I have met, have about as much personality as a door-mat. Many of our own women have made admirable helpmates to our ambassadors, but I recall none that has played a personal part before the world. Not a few have contributed to the gaiety of nations.

Mme. Waddington has had four separate careers, quite aside from the always outstanding career of girlhood. Her father was Charles King, President of Columbia College and son of Rufus King, second United States Minister to Great Britain. When she married M. Waddington, a Frenchman of English descent and educated at Rugby and Cambridge, he was just entering public life. His château was in the Department of the Aisne and he was sent from there to the National Assembly. Two years later he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and in January, 1876, he was elected Senator from the Aisne. In December of the following year he once more entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Instruction, later accepting the portfolio for Foreign Affairs.

During this period of course Mme. Waddington lived the brilliant social and political life of the capital. M. Waddington began his diplomatic career in 1878 as the first Plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin. In 1883 he was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation in Moscow of the Czar Alexander III; and it was then that Mme. Waddington began to send history through the diplomatic pouch, and sow the seeds of that post-career which comes to so few widows of public men.

Mme. Waddington's letters from Russia and later from England, where her husband was ambassador from 1883 until 1893, are now so famous (being probably in every private library of any pretensions) that it would be a waste of space to give an extended notice of them here. Suffice it to say that they are among the most delightful epistolary contributions to literature, the more so perhaps as they were written without a thought of future publication. But be-

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ing a born woman of letters, every line she writes has the elusive qualities of style and charm, besides the selective gift of putting down on paper even to one's own family only what is worth recording. When these letters were published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1902, eight years after M. Waddington's death, they gave her an instant position in the world of letters, which must have consoled her for the loss of that brilliant diplomatic and political life which she had enjoyed for so many years.

Not that Mme. Waddington had ever dropped out of society, except during the inevitable period of mourning. In Paris, up to the outbreak of the war, she was always in demand, particularly in diplomatic circles, the most brilliant in any European capital. I was told that she never paid a visit to England without finding an invitation from the King and Queen at her hotel, as well as a peck of other invitations.

I do not think Mme. Waddington has ever been wealthy in our sense of the word. But, as I said before, her social career is a striking example of the possession of that most precious of all gifts, personality. And if she lives until ninety she will always be in social demand, for she is what is known as "good company." She listens to you, but you would far rather listen to her. Unlike many women of brilliant pasts, she lives but little in hers. It is difficult to induce the reminiscent mood. She lives intensely in the present and her mind works insatiably upon everything in current life that is worth while. She has no vanity. Unlike many ladies of her age and degree in Paris, she does not wear a red-brown wig, but her own abundant hair, as soft and white as cotton, not a "grey" hair in it. She is now too much absorbed in the war to waste time at the dressmaker's or even to care whether her placket hole is open or not. I doubt if she ever did care much about dress, or "keeping young," for those are instincts that sleep only in the grave. War or no war they are as much a part of the daily habit as the morning bath. I saw abundant evidence of this immortal fact in Paris last summer.

Nevertheless, the moment Mme. Waddington comes into a room she seems to charge it with electricity. You see no one else, and you are impatient when others insist upon talking. Vitality, an immense intelligence without arrogance or self-conceit, a courtesy which has no relation to diplomatic caution, a kindly tact and an unmistakable integrity, combine to make Mme. Waddington one of the most popular women in Europe. I must apologise to her for this frank statement of observations and impressions—it sounds rather like one of those analyses of a book heroine with whom you have no hesitation in taking liberties; and I must add in justification that I was asked by the editor of THE BOOKMAN to give those readers who know her only through her books some idea of her personality.

This brings me to Mme. Waddington's fourth career. The war, which has lifted so many people out of obscurity, rejuvenated a few dying talents, and given thousands their first opportunity to be really useful, simply overwhelmed Mme. Waddington with hard work and a multitude of new duties. If she had indulged in dreams of spending the rest of her days in the peaceful paths of literature when not dining out in the gayest capital in the world, they were rudely dissipated on August 1, 1914.

The ladies of Paris were the first to rally to the help of the government during those early weeks of the war when thousands of women were thrown out of work or left without support, and when the miserable refugees came streaming in from Belgium and the invaded districts of France. The women in happier circumstances opened and served in soup kitchens, and emptied their wardrobes: it was said that for two years after the war broke out not a woman in Paris of even the wealthy class had a superfluous garment to her back. Just as I arrived, in May, 1916, they were all getting new clothes for the first time.

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Mme. Waddington opened the Ouvroir Holophane on the 15th of August, 1914, her first object being to give employment and so preserve from starvation some fifty sewing-women, shop-girls, teachers, music-mistresses, women and girls of all ages and conditions who suddenly found themselves without work of any kind and no reserve funds. Mme. Waddington, speaking of them, said: "We had such piteous cases of perfectly well-dressed, well-educated, gently bred women that we hardly dared offer them the one-franc-fifty and 'gouter' (bowl of café-au-lait with bread and butter), which was all we were able to give for four hours' work in the afternoon." However, these poor ladies were very thankful for the work and sewed faithfully on sleeping suits and underclothing for poilus in the trenches and hospitals. Mme. Waddington's friends in America responded to her call for help, and M. Mygatt gave her rooms in his building in the Boulevard Haussmann.

When the Germans were rushing on Paris, and invasion seemed as inevitable as the horrors that were bound to follow, Mr. Herrick insisted that Mme. Waddington and her sister, Miss King, who was almost helpless from rheumatism, follow the government to the South. This Mme. Waddington reluctantly did, but returned immediately after the battle of the Marne. It was not long before the Ouvroir Holophane outgrew its original proportions, and instead of the women coming there daily to sew, they came only for materials to make up at home. For this ouvroir now sends to the front garments of all sorts for soldiers, ill and well, pillow cases, sheets, sleeping bags, slippers. Moreover, as soon as the men began to come home on their six days' leave they found their way to the generous ouvroir on the Boulevard Haussmann, where Mme. Waddington, or her friend, Mrs. Greene (also an American), or Mme. Mygatt always gave the poor men what they needed to replace their tattered undergarments, as well as coffee and bread and butter.

The most difficult women to employ were those who had been accustomed to make embroidery and lace, as well as many who had led pampered lives in a small way and did not know how to sew at all. But one-franc-fifty a day stood between them and starvation and they learned. To-day nearly all of the women assisted by these first ouvroirs are more profitably employed, for although Mme. Waddington cannot pay more—in fact she finds it harder and harder to raise money to keep her ouvroirs going at all—France has adjusted itself to a state of war, and many women are either in government service or in the shops, open once more. Nevertheless, there is still a large number of women and girls that have to be looked after, and this is particularly the case in the country.

The Waddingtons, being the great people of their district, were, of course, looked upon by the peasants and petit bourgeoisie as aristocrats of illimitable wealth. Therefore, when the full force of the war struck them—they were in the path of the Germans, who treated them ruthlessly—they looked to Mme. Waddington and her daughter-in-law, Mme. Francis Waddington, to put them on their feet again. Francis Waddington, to whom the château descended, was in the trenches, but his mother and wife did all they could as soon as the Germans had been driven back to relieve the necessities of these dazed and miserable people whose farms had been devastated and shops rifled or razed. Sometime, by the way, Mme. Waddington may tell the dramatic story of her daughter-in-law's escape. She was alone at the château with her two little boys when the mayor of the village came dashing up with the warning that the Germans were only six kilometres away, and the last train about to leave. She had two automobiles, but her chauffeur had been mobilised and there was no petrol. She was dressed for dinner, but there was no time to change. She threw on a cloak, and thinking of nothing but her children went off with the mayor in hot

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haste to catch the train. From that time on for five or six days, during which time she never even took off her high-heeled slippers with their diamond buckles, until she reached her husband in the North, her experience was one of the side dramas of the war.

I think it was early in 1915 that Mme. Waddington wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* a description of her son's château as it was after the Germans had evacuated it. But the half was not told. It never can be in print. Mme. Huard, in her *My Home on the Field of Honour,* is franker than most of the writers have dared to be, and the conditions she found when she, too, returned after the German retreat, may be regarded as a prototype of the disgraceful and disgusting state in which these lovely country homes of the French were left; not by lawless German soldiers, but by officers of the first rank. Mme. Francis Waddington did not even wait to snatch her jewel case, and of course never saw it again. Even her dresses had been taken from the wardrobes and slit from top to bottom with swords. But these outrages are almost too mild to mention.

The next task, after getting the Ouvroir Holophane in running order, was to teach the country women how to sew for the soldiers and pay them for their labours. The region of the Aisne is agricultural, where it is not heavily wooded. Few of the women knew how to sew. The two Madame Waddingtons concluded to teach these poor women with their coarse red hands how to knit until their fingers grew more supple. This they took to very kindly, knitting jerseys and socks; and since those early days both the Paris and country departments of the Holophane had sent last June twenty thousand packages to the soldiers. Each package contained a flannel shirt, drawers, stomach and waist-coat, or jersey, two pairs of socks, two handkerchiefs, a towel, a piece of soap. Donations of tobacco and cigarettes were also included.

This burden in the country has been augmented heavily by refugees from the invaded districts. Of course they come no more these days, but when I was in Paris they were still pouring in, and as the Waddington place was often in their line of retreat they simply camped in the grounds or stables. Then, of course, they had to be fed, clothed, and generally provided for. As Mme. Waddington's is not one of the picturesque ouvres she has found it difficult to raise enough money to keep it going, and no doubt contributes all she can spare of what the war has left of her own income. Moreover, she is on practically every important war relief committee, sometimes as honorary president, for her name carries great weight, often as vice-president, or as a member of the "Conseil." All this means contributions. Nevertheless, and although money grows scarce and more scarce in France, she has so far managed somehow, as well as to provide amusement for the regiments of soldiers quartered in the villages near her son's château, poilus whose business it is to cut down trees for the army, and who wandered about, desolate looking objects, until the two Madame Waddingtons furnished a reading-room, where they could also use the letter paper and post-cards provided, read, get up little plays, or smoke about the fire. (Perhaps some kind person has sent the gramophone I asked for in the December number of THE BOOKMAN.)

One wonders what Mme. Waddington (who is, by the way, physically the most active person I ever saw) will do after the war is over—if she has still another career tucked away in the future. Certainly there will be no rest for her and for those other devoted women who are working for France as steadily and efficiently as the soldiers. For years to come they must help rebuild, reorganise. It is doubtful if any of them look forward to rest this side of the tomb. Probably they would not welcome it. A purposeless life after two or three years of real usefulness, of absorbingly inter-

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esting, often dramatic work in the cause of one's country, to which all the higher qualities of the mind and character have been invited, would be tolerated only by those whom the long ordeal has drained of the last ounce of vitality.

Mrs. Atherton writes the Editor that BOOKMAN *readers may send contributions or subscription for Mme. Waddington's Ouvroir direct to Mme. Waddington, 28 Rue de la Tremoille, Paris, France. Mrs. Atherton's letter, which appeared in Chronicle and Comment in the December* BOOKMAN, *gives a fuller description of the needs of this Ouvroir.*

BALLADE OF ÆSTHETES

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

THE lily and the sunflower lie
Neglected in this later day;
No more the poet flutters by
In smalls, or sits in some café
Sipping a laudanum frappé.
What lyric and what errant feet
Once tripped the Danse Macabre—say,
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

There are no sinners now to vie
With those who sang in many a gay
Ballade of worms that never die,
And dramatised the soul's decay!
No more will Ibsen's "ghastliest play"
Be quaffed like purple liqueur, sweet
With dissolution. Where are they—
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

The green carnation and the eye
That looked too long on feet of clay;
The vices that were vogue—oh, why
Are all these fashions laid away?
Adieu, Verlaine et Mallarmé,
Adieu, mon cher, mon pauvre Æsthete!
Shades of the Eighteen-nineties, pray,
Where *are* the bards of Vigo Street?

ENVOI

Prince, if we pipe a lustier lay,
Need we renounce them, obsolete?
Beauty has gone, and Grace—but stay!
Where are the bards of Vigo Street?

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RUSSIA IN ARMS

I. SOCIAL ASPECTS

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

THE present clash of nations has brought into play vast forces and deep-seated energies; it has called anew into being immemorial brutalities as well as long vanished sanctitudes; it has put to the test of fire not only the flesh but also the spirit; in fact, it is, in a sense, an event of the spiritual order. The changes which the war has so far wrought in the map of Russia's territory are surely less significant than those wrought in the map of her spirit. While the body of the country has suffered losses, its soul has grown—grown with the fabulous rapidity which is so characteristic of these days when Time seems to have increased infinitely the speed of its ceaseless race. The light-bearing ray often comes to us in the shape of a thorn, and Pain is a harsh but efficient master. Under its ferule, men and women in Russia have gone through mighty transformations, the effect of which cannot as yet be appraised.

Some of the processes that to-day ferment Russian minds and hearts throughout the length and breadth of the country are still latent, hidden in the deep undercurrents of consciousness. Others have already resulted in definite and visible changes, which conjure up the vision of Russia, emerging from the crucible of this war regenerated, chastened by losses, internally strengthened, free from age-old fetters and sins, ready for great tasks and high missions.

II

"RETRO, SATANAS!"

He who in these days would go to Russia and enter her silent villages and bustling towns, would find there fewer concrete changes than he might be led to expect. But he could hardly fail to notice that a multitude of new ideas and evaluations have eaten their way into the minds of the people and have prepared the soil for the seeds of the future. Our hypothetical visitor, in wandering along the endless streets and roads of Russia, would be struck by the amount of constructive work which is going on everywhere in the country. Even more impressed would he be by the change on the part of the Russians in their general attitude toward practical, socially organised activities.

"Somewhere deep in the Russian soul," says Maxim Gorky, "no matter whether it be the master's or the muzhik's, there lives a petty and squalid demon of passive anarchism, who infects us with a careless and indifferent attitude toward work, society, and ourselves." There is a great deal of bitter truth in this utterance of a man who has a deep and intimate knowledge of his people. It is impossible to understand the Slav type of civilisation without allowing for the fact that to the Russian culture is essentially a spiritual phenomenon, not to be projected into the outer world, but to be lived internally. The Russian is a dreamer who loves fairy-tales of beauty, but his interest in the practical activities which lead to the upbuilding of a beautiful life is but weak and transient, and his distaste for every-day unassuming duties and responsibilities is often appalling. These peculiarities, in combination with the Slav individualism and the chaotic, unbalanced and undisciplined social will of an over-governed race, have been both the glory and the tragedy of Russian

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culture, this living conglomeration of glaring contradictions, this treasure-house of created beauty, lacking the elementary norms of law and order, which are the very atmosphere of Western civilisation.

Now, under the influence of the crisis brought about by the war, people in Russia are realising that it is necessary to say to the demon of passive anarchism: *"Retro, Satanas!"* They have awakened to the necessity of freeing and educating their vast innate powers and applying them to the solution of practical social problems. *"Matushka Rossia,"* Mother Russia, meek, passive, essentially feminine, is striving to develop all her manhood potentialities. Mary, lost in contemplation, has heard the insistent call of life and has come to envy Martha's part. Hence, the propaganda of organised public effort, which is to assume the form of "organisation," either in the sense Wilhelm Ostwald uses it or in the peculiarly Russian sense of a kind of co-operation which does not restrain the spiritual autonomy of the co-operating individuals. The propaganda of organisation goes hand in hand with the so-called "economism." This movement deals with the mighty economic problems which face Russia, such as the exorcising of German influence and the utilisation of the inexhaustible natural wealth which lies dormant in the Russian soil. Another manifestation of the same tendency is the interest society is taking nowadays in the growth of higher educational institutions, especially technical ones. Several such institutions, which owe their existence mainly to private initiative and enthusiasm, have already begun functioning. The government is planning to add a number of universities to the ten which existed before the war.

III

ORGANISING FOR VICTORY

Nowhere did Russia's newly awakened constructive energies find a more brilliant expression than in the patriotic work of the Zemstvos (County Councils) and municipalities. The story of how the people of Russia fought for the right to take a direct part in the mobilisation of the forces of the country in the rear, and how free public organisations were formed for that purpose, in spite of the opposition of governmental agencies—an opposition which is still in full force—this story, it is hoped, will be some day told in detail. It will once more reveal to the world all the utter inefficiency and lack of vision manifested by the Russian bureaucracy in the hour of crisis.

As early as July 30, 1914, the Zemstvos, organs of self-government, in peace-time exclusively local, organised into an All-Russian Union, under the leadership of Prince G. E. Lvov. Somewhat later, the towns formed a similar union, with its main centres in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, Voronezh, Tiflis, and Irkutsk, and the manufacturers and merchants organised the so-called Military-Industrial Committees. After a while, the two unions consolidated into a combination called Zemgor. At first, the activity of the Unions was restricted by the government to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. But, as the inability of the heavy bureaucratic machine to cope with the situation became more and more apparent, the authorities yielded reluctantly, and the Unions' sphere of activity has gradually come to include a vast range of tasks. Nowadays Zemgor is a most important factor in the life of the army, and it is with these public organisations that the hopes of the country are bound up rather than with the bureaucratic agencies. The Unions not only take care of the wounded, the refugees, the families of soldiers; through their local branches they also build mills, factories, workshops, garages, and manufacture munitions and clothing for the army. Alexander Kuprin, the eminent author, has recently visited one of these newly built Zemstvo factories. He conveys in the following terms the impression which the headquarters of the local branch of the Union

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made on him (quoted from the *Soul of Russia,* edited by Winifred Stephens):

> This place is like a government office, but a government office without arrogant, irascible, and uncivil bureaucrats, with useless and aimless wanderings from department to department, whither one is waved by indolent arms, without fatiguing and humiliating hours of waiting in corridors and vestibules, without crowds of insolent extortioners, without surly door-keepers, without the ominous "To-morrow—in a week—in a month." Everything, great or small, is done at the Union quickly and smoothly, accurately, as upon a war footing.

IV

EXIT VODKA

In one of his numerous utterances, connected with the problems of the day, Leonid Andreyev, the well-known author, says: "The thirst for self-respect —that is, the fundamental feeling which now, in the days of the most terrible war, has seized the entire Russian society, which has exalted the people to the heights of heroism, and which makes us fear all that reminds us of our sad past." It is this feeling, aided by a tremendous effort of the national will, awakened by the world conflagration, that accounts for the success with which the "miracle measure," to use the expression of an American author, of prohibition has been carried out in Russia.

As is known, the government wine-shops were closed and the free sale of alcoholic liquors strictly prohibited in Russia right after the outbreak of hostilities. Many sins will be pardoned Russian officialdom for this measure. The ukase of July 18, 1914, was truly an act of genuine faith and great courage. For years the governmental traffic in vodka was one of the main sources of Imperial revenue. In 1914, for instance, the income from the governmental vodka monopoly amounted to 936 million rubles, while the entire income was 3,080 million rubles. It may be said that, in a sense, drinking was forced on the population by the government, which lived by what was the scourge of the country and which, hence, was far from encouraging the prohibition movement among the people.

Enthusiasts compare the prohibition act with the Emancipation of the Serfs and even with the reforms of Peter the Great. In fact, it is hardly possible to over-rate the salutary effect of the measure, especially on the life of the village. Here all the observers of Russian life are perfectly unanimous. As high an authority as Professor Ozerov asserts that "the universal sobriety of Russia has been equivalent to an annual investment in our national industries of vast sums of money." The economic value is but one side of this social experiment. The reports of Provincial Chambers of the Exchequer, summarised and recently published by the Ministry of Finances, as well as other authoritative studies, show that universal abstinence has been highly instrumental in the adjustment of the population to the new burdens of the war and that it has laid a solid foundation for the happiness of innumerable homes. If things keep on going as they have been for the last two and a half years, the classical Russian tramp, eternalised by the writings of Maxim Gorky, is seriously threatened by the danger of becoming a fossil. Immorality, pauperism, and criminality have decreased, the health of the population has been improved and the standard of living raised, while a new era of economic prosperity and thrift has been inaugurated,—all this as a direct result of the prohibition measure. It is true that in some places, especially in the towns, a number of deaths have been caused by the use of poisonous substitutes for vodka. In this connection Mr. Richard Washburn Child, in his book *Potential Russia,* retells a Moscow anecdote about a little girl who was asked by a kindly old gentleman why she was wearing mourning. "Father is dead," answered the child candidly. "Father could not get any vodka because the Czar has forbidden vodka to

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be sold. So father drank the fuel spirits from mother's stove, and now he is dead. God bless our dear Emperor!"

The abolition of alcohol in Russia is only a temporary measure. After the war, the government wine-shops may be re-opened, although public opinion is decidedly for the maintenance of prohibition. It is believed in Russia that the spread of education and the organisation of rational forms of recreation, such as are furnished by libraries, neighbourhood centres, cinematographs, will keep the country permanently temperate, whether or not the prohibition act will remain in force. Here is one of the many fields in which American experience can be of great use to the Russians.

V

THE NEW NATIONALISM

The mighty momentum of the struggle has overcome Russia's immense inertia and brought forth all her powers of resistance and aggression. In addition, the concerted efforts and common trials have vastly intensified her national self-consciousness. The reality of this New Nationalism is to-day plainly written across Russia's complex mind. In fact, it is nowadays one of the most conspicuous features of her life and one of the storm centres of her thought. It would be rash to assert that this nationalistic spirit is free from Chauvinism or "zoological"—as the Russians say—patriotism. This is but the spiritual counterpart of the physical scars and deformities left by the war. It is essentially, however, a progressive phenomenon: it stands above all for national self-knowledge and self-criticism. It is primarily an emotional attitude—a feeling of a new responsibility and a new devotion, even unto death, to *otcheezna,* the abstract entity of the fatherland. The intellectuals have been especially affected by this change of heart. They have always felt themselves in their own country strangers, homeless and superfluous. And now they have suddenly discovered, so to speak, their native land and learned to love it not only as one loves his mother, but also as one loves his child, frail and needing all your loving care and help. And if Russian Intelligentzia has seen in these days the fall of many of its long-cherished ideals, it had never been nearer the realisation of its old longing to see filled the gulf between it and the plain people, the voiceless millions of bast-shoed peasants.

This newly awakened national spirit has nothing to do with official Nationalism, which has heaped upon Russia an unspeakable disgrace by practising most ruthlessly what Treitschke calls "Volkermord." It must not be forgotten that the leviathan, stretching over one-sixth of the entire land-surface of our planet, and commonly known as Russia, is a polyglot conglomeration of races, some of which are bearers of ancient cultures, more or less impervious to assimilation. One of the many ideas this war is driving home to people in Russia is the absolute necessity of giving these various nationalities full freedom of development, instead of forcing down their throats the civilisation of the sovereign Great-Russian race, as it has been done until now. It is the hope of progressive Russia that the war will lay a firm foundation for the future peaceful co-operation of the various people who go to make the huge empire and who are now shedding their blood for their common fatherland.

A sign of the times is the interest which has arisen to-day in Russia in the cultural strivings and achievements of the *inorodtzy* (Russian subjects of non-Russian birth), and which has brought into existence a number of special publications. One of these is a series of volumes, edited by Maxim Gorky and devoted to the literature of the various non-Russian languages spoken in Russia, including the literatures of the Tartars, Finns, Lithuanians, Jews, and so forth. In this connection, it is interesting to mention another publication edited by Gorky, in collaboration with Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub, and entitled *The Shield.* It is a sym-

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posium of representative Russian men-of-letters and scientists on the Jewish question in Russia. There can be no better proof that the best minds of Russia side with the Jews in their struggle for equal rights. In these days, when the ancient nation is living through the most tragic period of its troubled history, thinking Russia has done well to have raised her voice to demand the removal of Jewish disabilities and to protest against the unspeakable crime which the Russian state has been committing for years against an entire people.

VI

PROPHETIC RUSSIA

A goodly portion of the speculative thought produced by the war in Russia is devoted to the national problems and cognate matters. In the light of her newly awakened self-consciousness Russia is pondering over the riddle of her existence. The storm of the war has wrecked many of the Western idols which had commanded the worship of intellectual Russia. By a natural reaction the minds of men are turning to their own national altars and shrines, and the pendulum of Russian thought once more comes near the pole of Slavophilism, with its belief in Russia's predestined mission on earth. It is remarkable that the religious element plays a conspicuous part in the philosophical manifestations of the New Russian Nationalism, and the vision of future Russia is often mingled with the mystic vision of New Jerusalem. In this connection an interesting attempt to interpret Russia's soul has been recently made by Nikolay Berdyayev, a brilliant philosopher of the Moscow school of mystic thought.

To this religious thinker the symbol of Russia is a pilgrim journeying in quest of Kitezh, the City Invisible of the old Russian legend. While German mysticism is a plunging into the depths of the spirit, the mystic temper of the Slav expresses itself in a quest for the City Divine, in a yearning for absolute and final values, in moods intensely apocalyptic and prophetic. Russia's religion is that of prophets, not that of priests. It is in the light of this inner restlessness, this ceaseless seeking of God, this spiritual thirst, that Russia's national mission must be interpreted and the "Russian Idea" formulated. It is also these essential characteristics of Russia's spirit, that distinguish her from the West, with its genius for the relative and the practical; its age-old domesticity and its deep-rooted *amor loci.* In contrasting Russia with the Western culture, Mr. Berdyayev does not, however, share the traditional contempt of the Slavophils for "the rotten West." He would rather agree with Goethe that "Gottes ist der Orient, Gottes ist der Occident." It is his belief—a belief characteristic of Russian thought to-day—that the great schism of war will result in the union of East and West, and that after the conflict Russia, conscious of her separate mission in the world, will be finally ushered into the family of Western nations. In fact this union of the two worlds is, according to Berdyayev, one of Russia's world tasks. But she is not as yet ready for her mission; her mystic spirit is thwarted and marred by a fatal tendency to passivity. Her eyes ever on the vision of the City Heavenly, she has neglected to build up her City Terrestrial, and so "Holy Russia" is in many respects a most unholy place, swayed by dark powers. Mr. Berdyayev believes that Russia will reach the active paths of the spirit not by importing ideas and methods essentially strange to her innermost nature—and here our philosopher is again a Slavophil—but by revealing and developing the masculine, creative element which is potentially present in her mystic quest for truth and holiness.

This interpretation is one of the many contributions made by philosophers and publicists to the store of Russian national self-knowledge. Whatever their value may be, they all point to the fact that amidst the storm and stress of the

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struggle, Russia is realising that she has come of age. This feeling of maturity leads her to the desire for an independent and untrammelled development of her native powers. The New Nationalism is thus necessarily a freeing and constructive force. It stands back of the young and frail constitutionalism and marches at the head of the armies. Without this national spirit the war would be little more than "a revolt of the conquered," as the Germans are said to have referred to the Russian campaign at the outbreak of the hostilities. And it is well to remember that Russia's success in this war will be eventually a double triumph. For the war which she is now waging against the Teutons is also a war against her inner foes, whose stronghold is Russian officialdom. It is unthinkable that the people, having discovered and tested their strength in shaking off the German's grip, should long tolerate the swaddling-clothes of an inefficient and superannuated political system.

With the sensational death of the Russian monk, Rasputin, the Czar's confessor, and the even more sensational revelations of Rasputin's predecessor, the ex-monk, Iliodor, Russian political and court influences are thrust into the limelight of world-attention. For the March issue, Mr. Yarmolinsky will discuss these and related events and will describe the personalities of Rasputin and of Iliodor; and he will have some interesting remarks also upon the so-called disclosures being made by Iliodor in the New York press.

Mr. Yarmolinsky's second paper, under the title of "Russia in Arms," will deal with "Her New Moods in Literature." This paper will appear in the April issue.

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Chronicle and Comment

George Moore and America

Mr. George Moore is making plans for a visit to the United States during this year. He has never been to America, where, like some other English authors, he has probably his largest audience.

"Major Pond has been after me for a lecture tour in America for a long time," he is reported to have said in a recent interview in the London *Observer*. "He made me an offer which called for thirty lectures in six weeks. This proposal I referred to a friend who knows the United States well. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is a very tempting offer. I only make one suggestion. It is that you should take your coffin with you. For you certainly will return in it if you attempt to carry out this programme.'

"From what he added," Mr. Moore went on, "I can imagine what I should have had to undergo. I am a bad railway traveller. A journey of twenty-four hours would annihilate me. I can picture myself arriving, after such a journey, in some strange city—probably in the rain! I am told that I should not be able to go to a hotel—that there is always some well-known citizen who receives the lecturer. I should have to be his guest. In the spare room; probably with a gas stove!

"And there I should be surrounded by all the paraphernalia of somebody else's happiness! Introduced to crowds of people! And to deliver a fixed lecture. Toshery about Walt Whitman (though I admire him greatly) or something like that. After the first two or three times it would bore me to death. It would be chilling at my age—at any age!

"No," he added, "I am most anxious to go to America, but not in such a fashion. I should like to go to visit the Eastern States—what I call Anglo-America. I am not interested in meeting Japanese-America or Polish-America. I should like to visit New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington—Boston, of course, and then to go on to Quebec and Montreal. That would satisfy me. If I lecture, moreover, it will not be on some set theme over and over again. I shall want to say something useful, and I think I could say something useful. That is my plan, and I shall carry it out as soon as it becomes possible.

• • •

George Moore and Henry James

"Do you know personally any leading American authors?" Mr. Moore was asked. "Do you consider Henry James an American?" replied Mr. Moore. "I knew him very well. A strange case that of James! He was a delightful, extremely cultured gentleman, with almost no originality of thought, and no real gift for fiction. You know that in my *Confessions of a Young Man* I say that James came abroad and read Turgenief, and that Howells stayed at home and read James.

"The amazing thing in connection with Henry James, however, was that the thing in his writing which latterly impressed people most was really nothing else than a symptom of disease of the mind. Up, say, to fifty-five (he was seventy-three when he died) he was clear at all events. After that he became unintelligible. His later books, like *The Wings of a Dove, The Golden*

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Bowl, and the rest, are simply the literature of a decayed mentality. In these and all his subsequent books he tried to create characters by making other people talk about them. In every one of them various persons sit down and discuss somebody else. And because of this his characters are fashion-plates, not human beings. We hear names all through his books, but we never visualise the individuals.

"James and I," Mr. Moore went on, "were once fellow-guests at a certain country house. It was while I was revising the proofs of my *Ave.* In it I had written a line that I feared as I had put it might give offence to an old friend. It was on the simplest of subjects—about a professor of Trinity College, Dublin. I asked James if he would write another sentence for me with which to replace it, and I shall never forget the effect this request had upon him. He rolled his eyes like a man in convulsions. Then he snatched the proof from me and started for his room with it. Finally, he came down, having composed a line and a half. It looked profound, but what it meant I had no idea. However, I put it in. When my secretary came to type it, she asked me if it was written correctly, as she could make no sense of it! Later, when the book was being set up, Heinemann, my London publisher, came to me with the proof containing that sentence. 'Will you please tell me what you mean by this?' said he. 'Neither I nor my reader can make it out.' I told him that I couldn't, and then explained to him who had written it.

"I can never think of that," Mr. Moore added, "without recalling my first meeting with that great French master, Jules Lemaitre. At that time he had read nothing of mine, and he said, 'Tell me, are you clear or are you obscure?' 'I am clear, Monsieur Lemaitre,' said I. 'I have not talent enough to be obscure.' That remark seemed to please him."

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

This is the day of the poets and America the land of their thriving. Another English poet has just come to our shores to lecture and to read from his work—and, of course, to see America. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson belongs to the younger English school of realists, writing of our own times, and having a passion for beauty—the beauty of form and expression and the beauty that shines through the ugliness and sordidness of so much of modern life. For Mr. Gibson is a poet of the people—the people who live in slum tenements, on the moors, who do the hard work of the world in mines, factories, freight-yards, the people who face the storms and winds, who are concerned with the large and simple things of life—dying and being born and working for their daily bread. These and the England he loves are his inspiration—and the work of Rupert Brooke, whose disciple he is.

• • •

New Movements in Poetry

In tune with the fall of empires, poetry is said to be achieving democracy. In the matter of form the exponents of "polyphonic prose" have successfully broken through the hitherto accepted conventions, while in content modern poetry is more and more searching out and expressing the lives and thoughts of our work-a-day world. Also, judging from the increasing output of books of verse, poetry is achieving a popular market; and in this month's "Book Mart" two works of poetry, Robert W. Service's *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* and Tagore's *Poems,* are listed among the books of non-fiction most in demand—though, indeed, Service, with Alfred Noyes, regularly holds the disputed distinction of a "best seller" and Tagore bids fair to form with them a *"dreibund* of discontent." But this is foreign work, while America, too, has her poets of distinction and her new movements in poetry. And to give our readers an opportunity to see and compare the latest

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work of America's leading contemporary poets, we are beginning in this issue of THE BOOKMAN a series of poems illustrative of the best types of modern poetry. These poems will appear at first anonymously; and for this series, "The Masque of Poets," the contributors are writing somewhat in the spirit of the old Elizabethan contests, when poetry was in its heyday and the poets and their works on everybody's tongue. At the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be disclosed; though in the meantime, a brief biography and critical description of their work will be given for these authors, quite independently of their contributions, in THE BOOKMAN "Brevities" section.

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Mr. Hamilton's "Dunsany" Article

We have received the following letter from Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the dramatic critic of THE BOOKMAN, regarding his article in the January issue on "The Plays of Lord Dunsany":

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN:—

At the moment when I wrote my recent article in review of seven plays by Lord Dunsany, which appeared in the January number of THE BOOKMAN, I was unaware of the existence of an eighth play from the same gifted pen, entitled *The Tents of the Arabs*. This one-act piece was published, some little while ago, in *The Smart Set*. I have recently been informed of this fact by my friend, Mr. George Jean Nathan, who is one of the editors of that interesting and enterprising magazine. I have also been informed that *The Tents of the Arabs* has lately been produced at a little theatre in Detroit, under the direction of that gifted artist of the theatre, Mr. Sam Hume. Mr. Theodore Steinway, of the Amateur Comedy Club, has presented me with a printed copy of the text. From the literary point of view, the play is one of the most serenely lovely compositions that have proceeded from the pen of Lord Dunsany. *The Tents of the Arabs* is also an effective acting play. It is certain to excite enthusiasm so soon as it shall be presented in New York. Meanwhile, admirers of Lord Dunsany may be advised to apply to the office of *The Smart Set* for back numbers of that magazine in which the play was published.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

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Democratising the Colleges

The recent little social unpleasantness at Princeton is indicative of the leaven of democracy working in the college microcosm as well as in the great war-stricken world outside. It seems that an influential body of sophomores, led by a son of Grover Cleveland, pledged themselves not to join any of the much-desired clubs that have so long dominated the social atmosphere of Princeton, although these men undoubtedly would have received invitations for membership. Some years ago, something of the same sort of a revolt occurred at Yale against the secret Senior Societies and many rumours of disturbances and "larks" at the expense of the Society men reached the outside world. Although undergraduates at the time denied it, and although active members of the University deny it now, it is nevertheless probable that Owen Johnson's *Stover At Yale*, a classic of modern college life, brought the revolt to a head if it did not actually begin it. And that it has borne due fruit is disclosed in the announcement this fall of the completion of a handsome new chapter house for one of the Yale Junior Fraternities, which is the first to be made an "open house" free to all members and their guests and friends—a happy contrast to the closed tomb silliness that hitherto has been accepted with stuffy acquiescence by the undergraduate body. Of course, the Clubs at Princeton and at Harvard and the Societies and Fraternities at Yale and other colleges, East and West, are undemocratic and ought to be reformed; but it is just as surely certain that it is a part of human nature for groups of men to herd together into smaller groups along lines of mutual interests as it is that modern

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man is a product of society and can function only in society. The trouble comes when these lines dividing mutual interests are artificially drawn or are superimposed by antiquated standards, false ideals or external pressure. Of course, it is to be regretted that the ultra-sophisticated, over-matured and cosmopolitan-bred undergraduates should be allowed to segregate themselves in aloofness—it is so interesting to see them close at hand and to be able to admire their lofty, omniscient and self-complacent bearing (see *Stover At Yale!*). But on the whole the recent developments in the social thought of undergraduates would indicate that we may with some peace of mind send our sons along, that they too may work out their college salvation as their fathers did before them.

• • •

A Tribute to Raemaekers

A poetical tribute to Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist of the present European war, is printed by Don Marquis in "The Sun Dial," his column of comment in *The Evening Sun,* of New York. Inspiration was doubtless found for the following lines in the recent New York exhibition of Raemaekers's cartoons, a collection of which has been printed in book form. A discussion of Raemaekers's work will be found in the article "The Year in Art" elsewhere in this issue.

The war-wracked world he spreads before us here,
Pity and terror—bitter mirth—and woe;
The homeless Belgians, fainting as they go.
A shield before their spoilers! and the mere
Unhallowed where November leaves fall sere
On sodden heaps . . . that once were friend and foe
And wistful wraiths rise from the sea; but lo!
The War Lord reads his *Zeitung* with a sneer!
Raemaekers, with thy soul of quenchless fire,
Cry, still, their sorrows!—and the endless shame
Of those who to no nobler good aspire
Than fat-jowled ease! Ah, measureless our blame
If Belgium by her ravished hearth expire—
If *Liberty* to us is but a name!

• • •

England Finds Expression

An ingenious correspondent has pointed out to us the fact that in practically all the cities reporting *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* as a "best seller," Mr. Hughes was the favourite candidate in the last election. Whether Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wells is to be the more complimented it is hard to determine. Certainly Mr. Wells's effort was the more successful. And yet, one hesitates to speak of *Mr. Britling* as an "effort." Rather does it seem a spontaneous expression of the thought, the underlying philosophy, of a civilisation in a great crisis of its existence. For Mr. Wells's brain is like a clear, many faceted crystal, reflecting from its depths in accentuated and brilliant form the complex and fundamental thoughts and motives of its human environment. This is not the first time that Mr. Wells has done this. *Tono-Bungay,* published in 1909, is more than a story—it is a prose epic of the English civilisation of its time, a civilisation that had "arrived" and was showing signs of stagnation. Its prominent men were parasites upon the economic and social structure, and its prominent women were sterile. Now, in *Mr. Britling,* we see this same civilisation, organised for "being" rather than for "doing," with all that implies of inefficiency, muddling, self-complacency, suddenly aroused by a colossal threat, and, through the medium of Mr. Wells and the characters of his books, so representative of English types, this civilisation finding itself and learning the lessons of efficiency and democracy, and discovering the spiritual consciousness that results from a terrible experience of personal anguish.

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The Spiritual H. G. Wells

It is said that there are three stages of a man's development, physical, mental and spiritual. Mr. Wells, and perhaps the society of which he is a good psychic barometer, is now in the last stage, and it bids fair to be his most valuable and interesting period of creative work. In *The Research Magnificent,* Mr. Wells hinted at salvation for society through the spiritual development of the individual —a note quite new and distinct from his socialistic and sociological ventures. In *Mr. Britling,* it is that gentleman himself, well along in middle age, experienced of the world and of its many theories and propaganda, who comes through mental suffering (his son was killed at the front) and spiritual contemplation to know God: "Our Sons Who Have Shown Us God." And in recent magazine articles, Mr. Wells has definitely preached "The World Kingdom of God" as the only possible unifying force to succeed patriotism, nationalism, class and race consciousness, and all the artificial divisions of society, and to bind together in one ideal of sufficient commanding force and of so universal a standard "the Barrister, the Duchess, the Red Indian, the Limehouse Sailor, the Anzac Soldier, the Sinn Feiner, and the Chinaman."

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Mr. Britling and America

To return to *Mr. Britling,* it is in the expression of England's attitude to America that we may take a very keen interest. Mr. Wells presents two conceptions —two notes that undoubtedly represent the division of opinion in England:

> The idea of America as a polity aloof from the Old World system, as a fresh start for humanity, as something altogether too fine and precious to be dragged into even the noblest of European conflicts. America was to be the beginning of the fusion of mankind, neither German nor British nor French nor in any way national. She was to be the great experiment in peace and reasonableness. She had to hold civilisation and social order out of this fray, to be a refuge for all those finer things that die under stress and turmoil; it was her task to maintain the standards of life and the claims of humanitarianism in the conquered province and the prisoners' compound, she had to be the healer and arbitrator, the remonstrance and note the smiting hand. Surely there were enough smiting hands.

• • •

And then this from Mr. Britling himself in a moment of mental tribulation and worry:

> I'm sick of this high thin talk of yours about the war. You are a nation of ungenerous onlookers—watching us throttle or be throttled. You gamble on our winning. And we shall win; we shall win. And you will profit. And when we have won a victory only one shade less terrible than defeat, then you think you will come in and tinker with our peace. Bleed us a little more to please your hyphenated patriots. You talk of your New Ideals of Peace. You say that you are too proud to fight. But your business men in New York give the show away. There's a little printed card now in half the offices in New York that tells of the real pacifism of America. They're busy, you know. Trade's real good. And so as not to interrupt it they stick up this card: "Nix on the war!" Think of it!—"Nix on the war!" Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake, and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sank the *Lusitania,* and no end of grumbling when we hold up a ship or two and some fool of a harbour-master makes an overcharge. Otherwise—"Nix on the war!"

To live up to Mr. Wells's first programme sounds interesting and improbable; to live down to his second seems unthinkable.

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"Inside the Fortress-Empire"

Then, for the opposing peoples, equally devoted to this war, there has just been published a valuable descriptive book. *Inside the German Empire,* by Herbert Bayard Swope, is the result of a

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number of months spent in Germany during the latter part of 1916 by Mr. Swope in behalf of his paper, the *New York World*. The work is sponsored by Ambassador Gerard with a brief foreword, so that its reliability, taken into consideration with the exceptional opportunities for observation given to the author, makes it an interesting and valuable reference. The material, economic and financial situations of Germany are not as bad as the Allies' publicity agencies would have us believe, according to Mr. Swope. Germany is able and her organisation is now completed to conduct a struggle of many years' duration. On the other hand, psychologically Germany is not so self-sufficient. A state of high nervous tension and the spread of liberalistic ideas are combining to harass the German mind. That Germany will be "democratised" either during or after this war seems generally accepted, but so far this process apparently does not affect the Emperor, who is more idolised than ever, and in its last analysis means only that the Reichstag will become more of a governing body than a debating society, the extent of this change being pure conjecture. As for the German's mental change toward the war, listen to Mr. Swope:

> *It is readily observable that the war has* changed the German idea and the national impulse. The fond dream of a great world superstate, which was only another name for a Germanised world, has dissipated, and with few exceptions the leaders of thought in Germany are well contented with any plan in which their present is assured and their legitimate future expansion safeguarded. That expansion lies toward the south and east; that is why the Germans feel they have a deep and vital interest in the Balkans. It is through that region that the lines of their development must go as long as England holds the seas.

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Notice that in this neutral statement, there still stands out the German idea of physical expansion as well as one of restiveness at England's sea dominion.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE. AUTHOR OF "*INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE*"

Such a mental attitude does not yet denote the capacity to germinate the seeds of peace, as indeed the recent German "peace note" showed—arrogant and unconciliatory as it was. How the language of this peace note could have caused, or could have been expected by Germany to cause, anything but irritation in the Allies' capitals is a difficult puzzle.

• • •

France and America

Beginning with this issue of THE BOOKMAN, M. Jules Bois will conduct regularly a department dealing with all questions of French national and social life. M. Bois will aim to make his work timely and to cover all fields of French culture that are especially interesting to American readers. M. Bois is a most interesting figure in French literary circles. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, a former vice-president of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the president of the Félibres Idealis-

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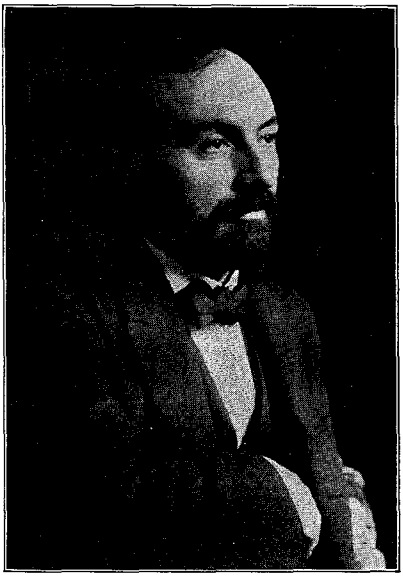

JULES BOIS

tic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. Particularly interesting is the fact that Pierre de Coulevain in her *Eve Triumphant* speaks of him as being one of the leaders of occultism in France. It will also be remembered that he contributed an interesting article in the September, 1915, BOOKMAN on "French Literature and The War."

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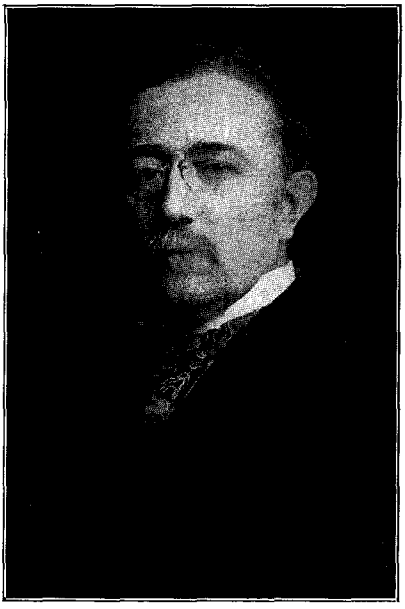
À propos of the first paper in his department appearing elsewhere in this issue, M. Bois has written the editor as follows:

In establishing a positive tie between the mental processes of the two countries, THE BOOKMAN achieves a Franco-American victory, and will, moreover, become the wise artificer of modern civilisation, established upon that liberty which enriches not only democratic policies, but also vast fields of intellectuality. In the realm of the spirit it will co-operate with the slow and steady organisation of that international conscience, in which America and France, in accord with generous and free peoples, are pioneers.

Hamilton Wright Mabie

Hamilton Wright Mabie was one of the foremost of American essayists, but perhaps the greatest single work of widespread social significance that he achieved and for which he is best known resulted from his trip to Japan. He visited that country as an "exchange professor" under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and upon his return published his *Japan To-day and To-morrow,* which had a distinct influence in improving the friendly relations between Japan and America. Upon the last day of the old year, Mr. Mabie died, after thirty-seven years of service upon the editorial staff of *The Outlook* of New York. In a recent issue of that magazine, Dr. Lyman Abbot, the editor, wrote regarding Mr. Mabie as follows:

Temperamentally Mr. Mabie had nothing of the ascetic in him. He was fond of so-



HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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MR. FREDERICK PALMER, EMERGING FROM A CAPTURED GERMAN "DUGOUT" ON THE SOMME FRONT

ciety, and society was fond of him. His rare adaptability made him many friends and gave him the pass-key to very varied social circles. It endowed him with a sympathetic understanding of all sorts and conditions of men. It was this breadth of sympathy, interpreting to him the inner life of men of all nationalities, that crowned his visit to Japan with success, and enabled him to return endowed with power to interpret the Japanese thought and life to unsympathetic and often unintelligent Americans. But it did not prevent him from feeling a fine indignation against any and every form of injustice, and especially of cowardice. His counsels, though generally conservative, were never reactionary or timid, and what sometimes seemed to others like caution in times of radical reform was due to his better, because more charitable, comprehension of those opposed to him. With time-serving and double-dealing he had no patience.

A Dangerous Adventure

Mr. Frederick Palmer has been spending another year on the British front observing the battles of the Somme and of Verdun as well. Recently he returned and has been lecturing on his observations. The picture reproduced herewith shows Mr. Palmer emerging from a German dugout just captured by the English. It was at a place known as Moquet Farm, the buildings of which were literally granulated by British shell fire, although the strong German dugouts underneath it resisted even the heaviest high explosives. Back of the entrance where he is standing a flight of stairs leads down some thirty feet underground to many subterranean galleries, where the Germans used to find shelter in British bombardments. The British finally surrounded the place and blew in the galleries, imprisoning the survivors underground. When the British had

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the Farm the Germans shelled it heavily, but judging from Mr. Palmer's smile in the picture the bombardments must have ceased for the time being. Elsewhere in this issue we are publishing an article by Mr. Palmer entitled "The Hateful Ridge: an Incident on the Somme Front." This article is taken from his new book, *My Second Year of the Great War,* which will be published the latter part of February.

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Madame Jumel

One of the most interesting of the old historic landmarks still to be seen by the tourist to New York, and by New York's own citizens as well, if they care to take the trouble, is the Jumel Mansion on Harlem Heights, now preserved as a museum by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Built in 1765 by Roger Morris, a close friend of Washington and a colonel in the British army, it was later occupied by Washington as his headquarters in the Revolution, and then by Stephen Jumel, a French merchant of New York.

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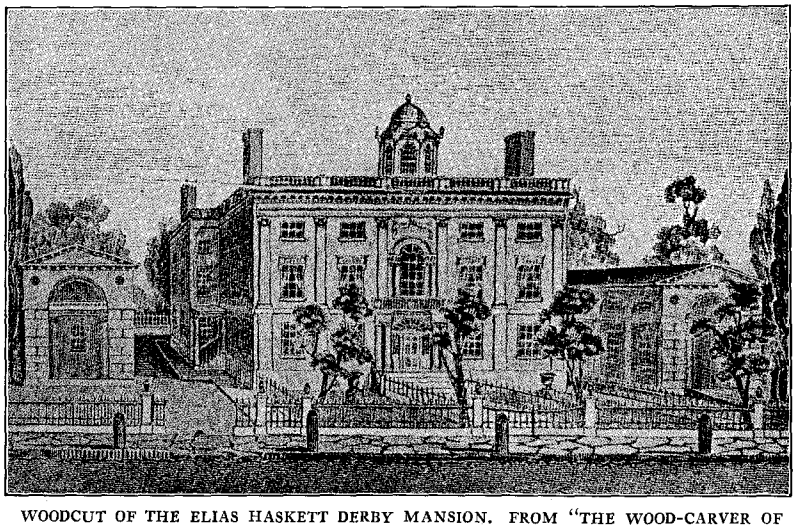
Madame Jumel, with whom the house is most intimately associated, was one of the few picturesque adventuresses whose career in this country rivals in romantic interest those of the famous beauties of European courts described in "back-stair" memoirs. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, she broke away at

MADAME JUMEL. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"



WOODCUT OF THE ELIAS HASKETT DERBY MANSION. FROM "THE WOOD-CARVER OF SALEM"

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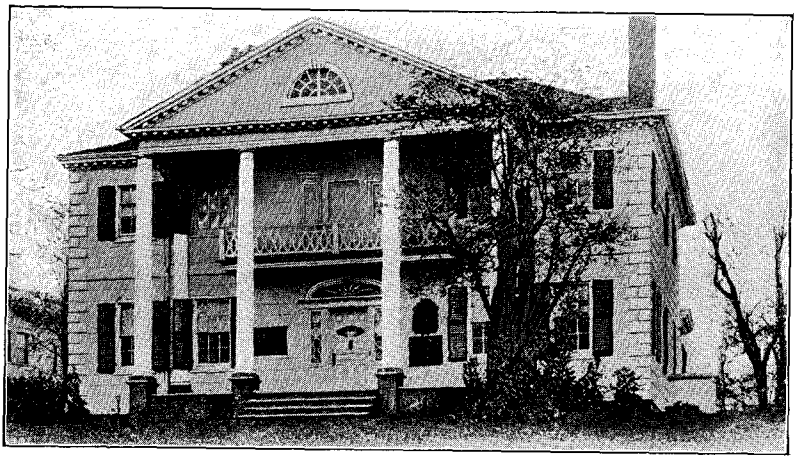

THE HOUSE, FRONT VIEW. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"

THE HALL, SHOWING THE DRAWING-ROOM AT THE END OF THE VISTA. FROM "THE JUMEL MANSION"

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an early age from squalid surroundings, and, dowered only with wit, ambition, and supreme beauty, made her way to New York, where she attracted Jumel's attention, became his wife, and later tricked him into placing his entire property in her hands. After his death she was married to Aaron Burr, then an old man of seventy-eight, but was soon separated from him, and spent the rest of her days alone, maintaining the old traditions of stately splendour, and dying at the age of ninety, one of the last of the famous beauties of the Revolutionary period.

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The Jumel mansion itself is a fine example of Georgian architecture, and in its spacious and solid proportions well exemplifies the patriarchal, slave-holding society for which it was designed. Its history and the human stories and great events connected with it have been related by Mr. William Henry Shelton, the Curator of the museum, in *The Jumel Mansion,* published last month.

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Architectural Salem

Another "colonial" book of interest is the recently published *Wood-Carver of Salem: Samuel McIntire, His Life and Work.* McIntire was the best designer in America, and the authors of the present work claim for him the title of "our foremost colonial architect of domestic buildings." There appears to be no definite proof that McIntire designed any building outside of the confines of the old township of Salem, yet throughout New England, and especially in the old seaport towns, there are many fine structures that attest his influence, if not his direct planning. And a visit to Old Salem is the most convincing proof that in that quaint colonial town sprang up the architectural influences that made colonial New England a unique "period" in our architectural history.

Owing to unforeseen delays, the articles by Sir Rabindranath Tagore and by Ameen Rihani, announced for this issue, have been postponed. Further announcement regarding these will be made later.

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THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

II. SAROJINI NAIDU

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

"HER EYES ARE LIKE DEEP POOLS, AND YOU SEEM TO FALL THROUGH THEM INTO DEPTHS BELOW DEPTHS"

THE serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
And parrot-plumes outshine the dying day.
O soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

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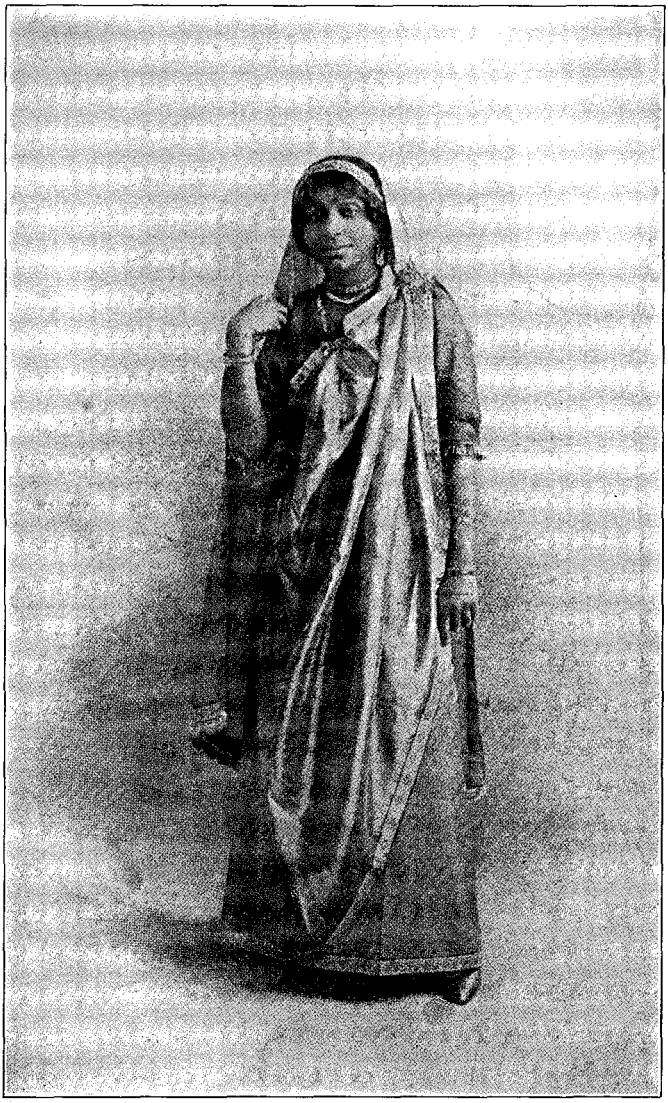
A cast-mark upon the azure brows of Heaven,
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright
The winds are dancing in the forest temple,
And swooning at the holy feet of Night.
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing
And make the gods their incense-offering.



"SHORT IN STATURE, SLENDER IN BUILD, MAGNETIC IN PERSONALITY"

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THIS poem alone is enough to entitle a poet to permanent recognition. I have heard many poets of different lands claim that this is one of the best lyrics in English literature. This exquisite little lyric was written in English by a Hindu Poetess; and her name is Sarojini Naidu. Sarojini, of all the women poets of India, is the best known one in the West. *The Golden Threshold,* in which book the above-mentioned poem appears, was published in London in 1905, with an introduction by Arthur Symons, and the book was dedicated to Edmund Gosse, who first showed her the golden threshold. Her second book, *The Bird of Time,* was published in London in 1912.* This has an introduction by Edmund Gosse, in which this illustrious critic frankly admits that "In the maturer work of Mrs. Naidu I find nothing, or almost nothing, which the severest criticism could call in question."

When *The Golden Threshold* made its first appearance in London it was nothing short of a literary sensation, due, apart from its excellence, to the fact that the book was written by a Hindu lady in English. It was a small book of only ninety-eight pages, but it was significant, for it meant the rise of a new genius in the field of English poetry. The English of these poems is perfect and the rhythm exquisite. Here is her "Palanquin-Bearers," that opens the book:

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song,
She springs like a beam on the brow of our tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Sarojini was born in the historic city of Hydryabad on February 13, 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhya, was a professor of chemistry in the Nizam's College. He received his D.SC. from Edinburgh University. He wished Sarojini, the eldest of his many children, to be a scientist, and he began to train her for that. But Sarojini's heart was farthest from science. She was of a dreamy nature. From her earliest days she showed signs of her artistic taste. A little thing of beauty thrilled her. She must have inherited her poetic feeling from her mother, who wrote some lovely poems in Bengali. Once she was trying to solve a problem in Algebra. She simply could not do it, and instead a complete poem came to her as if borne on the wings of the west wind. She was only eleven years old then. From this day her poetic career began. When her father discovered that a poem came out when she was sighing over a sum in Algebra, he decided that science and mathematics were not for her. So he encouraged her in the study of literature, especially Sanskrit, Bengali and English. Sarojini, like Tagore, did not like to study English. She once even had the boldness to refuse to talk in English with her father. The father was annoyed and he punished her by keeping her shut up in a room for a day. But this did not increase her zeal for the study of English.

Besides keeping up with her studies she, now encouraged by her parents, wrote poems to her heart's content. At the age of thirteen she wrote a long poem of thirteen hundred lines, and in the same year a drama of two thousand lines. At fifteen she wrote a novel.

It was about this time that the great struggle of her life began. She fell in love with a young doctor by the name of Govindurajulu Naidu, who was anxious

*These two books have recently been brought out in an American edition. New York: John Lane Company.—*Editor's Note.*

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to marry her. On account of difference of caste both the families were strongly opposed to the match. And soon after, in 1895, Sarojini was sent to London, quite against her will, for studies, with a special scholarship from His Highness, the Nizam of Hydryabad. In London she studied at King's College first and afterward at Girton. She stayed in England for three years. It was during these years that she was introduced to the literary geniuses of England, and it was during these years also that the foundation of her future popularity as a poetess was laid.

It was in London that she first began to write poems in English. And when she was introduced to Edmund Gosse, he took a liking to the young poetess from India, and he soon came to read some of her poems. He liked their technique, but not the themes. He writes: "The verses were skilful in form, correct in grammar and blameless in sentiment, but they had the disadvantage of being totally without individuality. They were wanting in feeling and imagery; they were founded on reminiscenses of Tennyson and Shelley. . . . This was but the note of the mocking-bird with a vengeance. . . . I implored her to consider that from a young Indian of extreme sensibility, who had mastered not merely the language but the prosody of the West, what we wished to receive was, not a *réchauffé* of Anglo-Saxon sentiment in Anglo-Saxon setting, but some revelation of the heart of India, some sincere penetrating analysis of native passion, of the principles of antique religion and of such mysterious intimations as stirred the soul of the East long before the West had begun to dream that it had a soul. . . . In other words, to be a genuine Indian poet of the Deccan, not a clever machine-made imitator of the English classics."

Sarojini consigned her Anglo-Saxon poems to the waste-paper basket, and began in right earnest to write poems to paint the picture of our life and scenes at home. And she, unlike Kipling and Laurence Hope, has succeeded marvellously. In both of her books she mirrors before our eyes the fruits and the flowers, the passions and the emotions, the bazaars and the fairs, the mystic customs and the enchanted sceneries of the Motherland. Who could give a Hindu cradle song a more exquisite English?:

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy *neam;*
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

It may be a far cry from lullaby to lonesomeness, but yet the same sweet taste of words and soul-stirring rhythm pervades her poem entitled "Alone."

Alone, O Love, I seek the blossoming glade,
The bright, accustomed alleys of delight,
Pomegranate gardens of the mellowing dawn,
Serene and sumptuous orchards of the night.

Alone, O Love, I breast the shimmering waves,
The changing tides of life's familiar streams,
Wide seas of hope, swift rivers of desire,
The moon-enchanted estuary of dreams.

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But no compassionate wind or comforting star
Brings me sweet word of thine abiding place . . .
In what predestined hour of joy or tears
Shall I attain the sanctuary of thy face?

And listen again to her "Suttee":

Lamp of my life, the lips of Death
Hath blown thee out with their sudden breath;
Naught shall revive thy vanished spark . . .
Love, must I dwell in the living dark?

Tree of my life, Death's cruel foot
Hath crushed thee down to thy hidden root.
Naught shall restore thy glory fled.
Shall the blossom live when the tree is dead?

Life of my life, Death's bitter sword
Hath severed us like a broken word,
Rent us in twain who are as one . . .
Shall the flesh survive when the soul is gone?

On her return home, Sarojini and Dr. Naidu became impatient to get married. But the storm of opposition waxed higher. At last Sarojini broke through the laws of caste and ignored the opposition of her parents and married the man she loved and who loved her. Love triumphed over tradition. But she was ostracised even by her parents. For several years after Sarojini's marriage her mother refused to visit her. And when she relented and agreed to call on her, she still refused to eat or drink anything in Sarojini's home.

It was not this social ostracism alone that was paining Sarojini. She was not physically well. And she is not yet well. All her life she has been playing hide-and-seek with Death. Life-long sorrow, instead of souring, has sweetened her nature. In conversation she is especially humourous. Though the smile on her lips bears the mark of pathos, yet one notices in it the genial temperament, the reflection of a true lyric soul. She thus sings of "Death and Life":

Death stroked my hair and whispered tenderly:
Poor child, shall I redeem thee from thy pain,
Renew thy joy and issue thee again
Inclosed in some renascent ecstasy. . . .

Some lilting bird or lotus-loving bee,
Or the diaphanous silver of the rain,
Th' alluring scent of the sirisha-plain,
The wild wind's voice, the white wave's melody?

I said, "Thy gentle pity shames mine ear,
O Death, am I so purposeless a thing,
Shall my soul falter or my body fear
Its poignant hour of bitter suffering,
Or fail ere I achieve my destined deed,
Of song or service for my country's need?"

"For my country's need!" This is indeed the keynote of Sarojini Naidu's life at present. With all her acquaintance with Western culture, Sarojini is a Hindu through and through. Her love for India and her ideals are intense. She once told a Western visitor point blank: "If Western education is to make us forget our beloved India, do not bring us the education of the West! I am bringing up my children to play the Indian music, to sing the Indian songs, and to chant the Indian hymns. I am writing my poetry in English because I want to show the Western world our dreams, our longings and our hopes, and I want to awaken my people to the realisation of the greatness of our past and the possibility of our future."

Sarojini is a leader of the feminist movement in India. She is one of the prominent workers in the Bharat Stri Mahamandal, "All India Women's Union," the president of which is Sarala Devi, a niece of Rabindranath Tagore. She travels a great deal throughout India, addressing large audiences of men and women. And her thrillingly impassioned oratory inspires her audiences to a higher sense of national duty. Not long ago, speaking before a social conference in Calcutta, she spoke as follows:

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"Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body? How then shall a man dare to deprive a human soul of its immemorial inheritance of liberty and life? And yet, my friends, man has so dared in the case of the Indian women. That is why you men of India are to-day what you are. . . . I charge you, restore to your women their ancient right, for it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders, and without our active co-operation at all points of progress all your congresses and conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, . . . for it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world."

Short in stature, slender in build, magnetic in personality and with all the marks of physical pain on her face, the soul of Sarojini is best revealed in her eyes, that have been thus immortalised in the words of Arthur Symons: "All the life of the tiny figure seems to concentrate itself in the eyes; they turned toward beauty as the sunflower turns toward the sun, opening wider and wider until one saw nothing but the eyes. . . . Her eyes are like deep pools, and you seem to fall through them into depths below depths."

Quite unlike some of the short-sighted and narrow nationalists of India, Sarojini is an ardent believer in internationalism. She believes, as most sensible men do believe, that the human race must realise their unity, for their origin was one and their destiny is one and identical. It is for the interest of each and all that permanent peace must be established on earth to insure permanent prosperity. Sarojini thus sings: "In Salutation to the Eternal Peace":

Men say the world is full of fear and hate,
And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
The restless sickle of relentless fate.
But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,
When from the climbing terraces of corn
I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and pride,
Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,
The homing pigeons of Thine eventide?
What care I for the world's loud weariness,
Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost bless
With delicate sheaves of mellow silences?

Say, shall I heed dull presages of doom,
Or dread the rumoured loneliness and gloom,
The mute and mystic terror of the tomb?
For my glad heart is drunk and drenched with Thee,
O inmost wine of living ecstasy!
O intimate essence of eternity!

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE RETURN OF JEANNE D'ARC

JEANNE D'ARC

WHY do the vales of Paradise
Turn very France before my eyes,
With linkèd rivers, chain on chain,
Cool Meuse and amber-sandaled Aisne,
Angelic Oise serenely fleet,
And wayward Rhône on wingèd feet?
There gleams the Loire through lace of
trees,
Shod as of old with silences.
And there with Paris at its breast,
The white Seine lies along the west,
How wistful!
Nay, my serious Seine,
Will nothing make thee smile again?
Has any gargoyle peering down
From Notre Dame with hostile frown
Invaded thy still dreams at night?
Dost thou lament the lost delight
Of years long gone?
I wonder why
Proud Paris veils her from the sky
In twilight vesture like a nun?
I wonder, what has heaven done?
The lights are dead, the land is grey,

**Under this title there will appear during the coming year contributions by America's leading poets, among whom may be mentioned the following: Amy Lowell, Josephine Preston Peabody, Conrad Aiken, William Stanley Braithwaite, Lincoln Colcord, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Bliss Carman, Arthur Davison Ficke, Edgar Lee Masters, Harriet Monroe and George Sterling. These contributions will be published at first anonymously, and readers are invited to write the editor of* THE BOOKMAN *their opinions regarding the poems and their judgments of their authorship. Throughout the year during the appearance of these poems there will be given in* THE BOOKMAN *"Brevities" section pictures and brief biographical notices of all the various poets whose work will be included in the series. The authors of each month's poems, however, will not necessarily appear in that month's "Brevities."*—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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Like ghosts the pale roads drift away
Into the North! Oh, I would see
What years have wrought in Domremy,
And how great Rheims above the town
Lifts praying hands! I must go down
Among my people, I must know
What makes my heart remember so,
And why the voices cry so near,
The human voices that I hear!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

Now Mary lend thee out of heaven
For dear defence of rivers seven,
And shattered gateways of the North!
Angel of France, oh, lead us forth!

JEANNE D'ARC

They are invaded! They have need
Of my heart's faith! Yea, I will lead,
But can they follow when I go
Unseen and vague as winds that blow?
Yet shepherd winds control the day,
To make the poplars lean one way,
To ruffle rivers into gold,
Herd home the clouds into far fold,
And tirelessly evoke the shy
Wild iris latent in the sky!
Can my wing'd spirit so persuade
Their hearts to follow unafraid?

THE MEN OF FRANCE

Now Michael gird thee with his sword,
To thrust aside the alien horde,
To bend and break and hurl them forth!
Come thou and lead us to the North!

JEANNE D'ARC

Soldiers, my great grey horse long gone
To graze the meadows of the dawn,
Has thriven on clear asphodel,
Till you shall learn, he travels well,
And victory is still his stride.
You see me not, but oh, I ride
For France, and mark her starry goal,
The faith and freedom of the soul!
Do you but follow and give ear
To heavenly voices that I hear,
Till past the black besieging din
And whistling menace shrill and thin,
Emerge some silvery interval
Of vanished bells that call and call.
Forsaken save of sun and stars,
With portals blurred by brutal scars,

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With towers torn and windows gone,
'Tis mighty Rheims that cries you on!
Though heaven and earth be withering,
Her ruined bells shall sob and sing:
Though earth and heaven be blank and bare,
You shall behold her standing there
With wounded arms uplifted high
For men of France who fight and die!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

Now Heaven help thee understand
The peril come upon our land!
Now God forgive our little worth
And grant thee memory of earth!

JEANNE D'ARC

I do remember everything
I had forgotten: how the king
For all my pleading, still delayed,
But God's own angels gave me aid.
There was a Chinon nightingale
That sang all night, "You will not fail!"
And there were always saintly trees
And dim old flowery villages,
And rain-pricked pools like fretted shields,
And sunny hills, and mellow fields,
Oh, there was France! So now she lies
Appealing-sweet before my eyes,
Her wide flush rivers for delight
Her spires and poplars to invite
The eyes and thoughts toward Heaven!
Men,
I fight beside you once again,
As those brief centuries ago,
Each man of you a man I know!
In Paradise I have not seen
Faces more steadfast and serene.
Let them not tear the temple down
That holds the soul of Rouen town,
Nor crush the lilies Amiens wears,
Nor those fair vines along the stairs
Of Chartres, where some hand unknown
Lured leaf and fruit from silver stone.
This sunward hour of deepening dawn
Brings glory of your comrades gone,
And Rheims' lost bells are ringing!

THE MEN OF FRANCE

Hark!
It is her voice! Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne d'Arc!

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MOMENT MUSICALE

The round moon hangs above the rim
  Of silent and blue shadowed trees,
And all the earth is vague and dim
  In its blue veil of mysteries.

On such a night one must believe
  The Golden Age returns again
With lyric beauty, to retrieve
  The world from dreariness and pain.

And down the wooded aisles, behold
  What dancers through the dusk appear!
Piping their rapture as of old,
  They bring immortal freedom near.

A moment on the brink of night
  They tread their transport in the dew,
And to the rhythm of their delight,
  Behold, all things are made anew!

SHORE GRASS

The moon is cold over the sand-dunes,
And the clumps of sea-grasses flow and glitter;
The thin chime of my watch tells the quarter after midnight;
And still I hear nothing
But the windy beating of the sea.

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THE RING AND THE CASTLE

A Ballad

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, why do you wake at the stroke of three?"
"I heard the hoot of an owl in the forest, and the creak of the wind in the alder-tree."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, why do you stare so into the dark?"
"I saw white circles twining, floating, and in the centre a molten spark."

"Why are you restless, Benjamin Bailey? Why do you fling your arms so wide?"
"To keep the bat's wings from coming closer and push the grey rat from my side."

"What are you muttering, Benjamin Bailey? The room is quiet, the moon is clear."
"The trees of the forest are curling, swaying, writhing over the heart of my Dear."

"Lie down and cover you, Benjamin Bailey, you're raving, for never a wife or child
Has blessed your hearthstone; it is the fever, which startles your brain with dreams so wild."

"No wife indeed," said Benjamin Bailey, and his blue nails picked at the bedquilt's edge.
"I gathered a rose in another man's garden and hid it from sight in a hawthorn hedge.

"I made her a chamber where green boughs rustled, and plaited river-grass for the floor,
And three times ten moonlight nights I loved her, with my old hound stretching before the door.

"Then out of the North a knight came riding, with crested helm and pointed sword.
'Where is my wife,' said the knight to the people. 'My wife! My wife!' was his only word.

"He tied his horse to the alder yonder, and stooped his crest to enter my door.
'My wife,' said the knight, and a steel-grey glitter flashed from his armour across the floor.

"Then I lied to that white-faced knight, and told him the lady had never been seen by me;
And when he had loosed his horse from the alder, I bore him a mile of company.

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"I turned him over the bridge to the valley, and waved him Godspeed in the twilight grey.
And I laughed all night as I toyed with his lady, clipping and kissing the hours away.

"The sun was kind and the wind was gentle, and the green boughs over our chamber sang,
But on the Eastern breeze came a tinkle whenever the bells in the Abbey rang.

"Dang! went the bell and the lady hearkened, once, twice, thrice, and her tears sprang forth.
' 'Twas three of the clock when I was wedded,' quoth she, 'in the castle to the North.

" 'They praised us for a comely couple, in truth my Lord was a sight to see,
I gave him my troth for a golden dowry, and he gave me this ring on the stroke of three.

" 'Three years I lived with him fair and stately, and then we quarrelled, as lovers will.
He swore I wed for his golden dowry, and I that he loved another still.

" 'I knew right well that never another had crossed the heart of my Dearest Lord,
But still my rage waxed hot within me until, one morning, I fled abroad.

" 'All down the flickering isles of the forest I rode till at twilight I sat me down,
And there a-weeping you found and took me, as one lifts a leaf which the wind has blown.

" 'But to-night my ring burns hot on my finger, and my Lord's face shines through the curtained door.
And the bells beat heavy against my temples, two long strokes, and one stroke more.

" 'Loose me now, for your touch is terror, my heart is a hollow, my arms are wind;
I must go out once more and wander, seeking the forest for what I shall find.'

"Then I fell upon her and stifled her speaking till the bells died away in the rustling breeze,
And so I held her dumb until morning with smothered lips, but I knew no ease.

"And every night that the bells came clearly, striking three strokes, like a heavy stone,
I would seal her lips, but even as I kissed her, behind her clenched teeth I could hear her moan.

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"The nights grew longer, I had the lady, her pale blue veins and her skin of milk,
But I might have been clasping a white wax image straightly stretched on a quilt of silk.

"Then curdled anger foamed within me, and I tore at her finger to take the ring,
The red gold ring which burned her spirit like some bewitched, unhallowed thing.

"High in the boughs of our leafy chamber, the lady's sorrowing died away.
All night I fought for the red gold circle, all night, till the oak trees reddened to day.

"For two nights more I strove to take it, the red gold circlet, the ring of fear,
But on the third in a blood-red vision I drew my sword and cut it clear.

"Severed the ring and severed the finger, and slew my Dear on the stroke of three;
Then I dug a grave beneath the oak trees, and buried her there where none could see.

"I took the ring, and the bleeding finger, and sent a messenger swiftly forth,
An amazing gift to my Lord I sent them, in his lonely castle to the North.

"He died, they say, at sight of my present, I laughed when I heard it—'Hee! Hee! Hee!'
But every night my veins run water and my pores sweat blood at the stroke of three."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, seek repentance, your time is past."
"My Dearest Dear lies under the oak-trees, pity indeed that the ring held fast."

"Benjamin Bailey, Benjamin Bailey, sinners repent when they come to die."
"Toll the bell in the Abbey tower, and under the oak-trees let me lie."

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CRITICISM AND CREATION IN THE DRAMA

OR, BERNARD SHAW AND J. M. BARRIE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I

BRANDER MATTHEWS, not many years ago, in reviewing a book on *Types of Tragic Drama* by the Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds, defined it as an essay in "undramatic criticism." The author of that academic volume had persistently regarded the drama as something written to be read, instead of regarding it as something devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience. His criticism, therefore, took no account of the conditions precedent to any valid exercise of the art that he was criticising.

The contemporary drama suffers more than that of any other period from the comments of "undramatic critics" who know nothing of the exigencies of the theatre. In the first place, the contemporary drama is more visual in its appeal than the drama of the past, and what it says emphatically to the eye can hardly be recorded adequately on the printed page. In the second place, the rapid evolution of the modern art of stage-direction has made the drama more and more, in recent years, unprintable. And, in the third place, the contemporary drama, with its full and free discussion of topics that are current in the public mind, requires —more than that of any other period— the immediate collaboration of a gathered audience. Such a drama can be judged with fairness only in the theatre, for which it was devised.

The fallacy of "undramatic criticism" of contemporary drama is a fallacy to which professors in our universities are particularly prone. The reason is not far to seek. The prison-house of their profession confines them, for the most part, to little towns and little cities where no actual theatre, that is worthy of the name, exists. Condemned to see nothing of the current theatre, they are driven back to the library, to cull their knowledge of the modern drama from the dubious records of the printed page. Thus, in the enforced and tragic solitude of Leeds or Oklahoma, they are doomed to arrive at the opinion that Bernard Shaw, whose plays are published, must be a greater dramatist than J. M. Barrie, whose best plays have not yet been yanked and carted from the living theatre to find a sort of graveyard in the printed page.

II

In an interesting and well-written book about *The Modern Drama,* by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of the Ohio State University, there is a chapter of fifty-three pages devoted to "The Renaissance of the English Drama." In this chapter, the author expresses the opinion that the work of Pinero and Jones is of no account whatever, because, writing drama, they choose to be dramatic, and, writing for the theatre, they choose to be theatrical. He prefers the plays of Galsworthy, Barker, and Shaw, because these plays are less theatrical and less dramatic. With this argument—despite its paradox—it is not at all impossible to sympathise. It is possible, for instance, to remember a sudden entry into the vestibule of the Laurentian Library in Florence, which induced an unexpected singing of the soul in praise of Michelangelo because, although an architect, he had dared for once to do a thing that was not archi-

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tectural at all. But the reader loses faith in the leading of Professor Lewisohn when the discovery is ultimately made that, in this entire chapter of fifty-three pages, the name of J. M. Barrie has never once been mentioned.

In an equally interesting and still more monumental book on *Aspects of the Modern Drama,* by Frank Wadleigh Chandler, Dean of the University of Cincinnati, no less than two hundred and eighty contemporary plays have been minutely analysed. This book is supplemented by an exhaustive bibliography of the modern drama which covers fifty-six closely printed pages of small type. Yet nowhere, in the text or in the bibliography, is J. M. Barrie mentioned as a modern dramatist. In this scholarly and weighty treatise, the man who imagined *Peter Pan* is utterly ignored.

In another recent volume, called *The Changing Drama,* by Professor Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina, an attempt has been made—according to the preface—"to deal with the contemporary drama, not as a kingdom subdivided between a dozen leading playwrights, but as a great movement, exhibiting the evolutional growth of the human spirit and the enlargement of the domain of æsthetics." Yet, in this volume of three hundred and eleven pages, the name of J. M. Barrie never once appears.

Can it be that three scholars so well-informed as Professor Lewisohn, Professor Chandler, and Professor Henderson have never heard of J. M. Barrie? It may be that such a masterpiece as *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*—which has not been published—has never been performed in Columbus, Ohio, Cincinnati, Ohio, or Chapel Hill, North Carolina: but is that any reason why a scholarly professor, condemned to live in the prison-house of one of these localities, should presume to write a comprehensive book about the current drama without so much as mentioning the name of the best-beloved of modern dramatists,—a man, morever, who is famous in the world of letters and has been made a baronet because of his services, through art, to humankind? These academic commentators should remember that their books may possibly be read by certain people who live in London and New York, and who have never missed a play of Barrie's, because his excellence has long been recognised by all dramatic critics, because every woman knows that he is the wisest of contemporary dramatists, and because every child perceives that he is easily the most enjoyable.

In those books about the modern drama in which the name of Barrie is astoundingly ignored, the name of Bernard Shaw is invariably mentioned with ecstatic praise. Of all contemporary dramatists, Shaw is easily the favourite among the professors of "undramatic criticism." Before we read their books, we may always count upon them to consider *Candida* a greater play than *Iris,* and *You Never Can Tell* a better comedy than *The Liars,* and *Fanny's First Play* a subtler satire than *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire.* What can be the reason for this curious reaction of the "undramatic critics"?

III

Two answers to this interesting question suggest themselves to an investigating mind. The first answer is comparatively trivial; but it is not, by any means, too silly to demand consideration.

In all these academic books about the modern drama, the ranking of the living British dramatists is proportioned directly in accordance to the pompousness with which their plays have been printed and bound and published to the reading world. This "undramatic criticism" of the current drama appears, upon investigation, to be based on nothing more than the setting-up of type.

When the early plays of Bernard Shaw were unsuccessful in the theatre [at a time when Pinero and Jones were being rewarded by their greatest triumphs] the disappointed dramatist de-

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cided to make an untraditional attack upon the reading public. He equipped his plays with elaborately literary stage-directions [the sort of stage-directions which, though interesting to the reader, are of no avail whatever to the actor]; he furnished them with lengthy prefaces, in many instances more interesting than the plays themselves; and he gathered them into volumes that were printed and bound up to look like books. These volumes, impressive in appearance and enlivening in content, were undeniably worth reading. They earned at once the right to be accepted as "literature"; and, among non-theatre-goers, they soon came to be regarded as the best contemporary contributions to "dramatic literature."

Meanwhile—among non-theatre-goers—the bigger and better plays of Jones and of Pinero were not accepted as "dramatic literature," because they happened only to be published in a form that made them look like plays instead of in a form that made them look like books. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Mrs. Dane's Defence* were bound in paper covers and sold for twenty-five or fifty cents. The stage-directions were written technically for the actor, instead of being written more elaborately for the reader; and there were no prefaces whatever, to celebrate the greatness of the plays. No wonder, therefore, that the "undramatic critics" of the drama decided that the plays of Pinero and Jones were less important than the plays of Shaw! It was all a matter of the make-up of the printed page!

John Galsworthy and Granville Barker have followed the fashion set by Bernard Shaw, in publishing their plays. Barker's printed stage-directions are little novels in themselves. In consequence, Professor Ludwig Lewisohn considers Barker a greater dramatist than Pinero or Jones. No play of Granville Barker's has ever held the stage, in any city, for three successive weeks; yet Professor Lewisohn decides that *The Madras House* must be a greater play than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* [which has held the stage, throughout the English-speaking world, for more than twenty years], because the published text of *The Madras House* looks like a book and the published text of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* does not.

Barrie, of course, receives no consideration whatsoever from the "undramatic critics," because his best plays have never yet been printed. *Peter Pan,* which is acted every Christmas-tide in London before thousands and thousands of delighted spectators, must be dismissed as negligible, for the accidental reason that a printed record of the lines has not been bound between cloth covers and offered to the reading public as a work of literature.

IV

But we must turn attention now to a deeper, and a less facetious, explanation of the reason why the "undramatic critics" prefer the plays of Bernard Shaw to the plays of J. M. Barrie. They prefer the plays of Shaw because, to the academic and the non-theatric mind, these plays are much more easy to appreciate.

Shaw began life as a critic; and, ever since he took to writing plays, he has remained a critic. But Barrie began life as a creative artist; and, ever since he took to writing plays, he has remained a creative artist. Among minds, the ancient maxim holds irrevocably—like to like. It may be safely said that no academic scholar is endowed with a creative mind; for any person so endowed would not permit himself to be an academic scholar. As Bernard Shaw himself has stated, "He who can, does: he who cannot, teaches." From academic scholars, therefore, we cannot logically look for a spontaneous appreciation of creative art: all we can expect is a critical appreciation of criticism.

The basic aims of criticism and creation are, of course, identical. The purpose of all art, whether critical or creative, is to reveal the reality that under-

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lies the jumbled and inconsequential facts of actual experience. Art makes life more intelligible, by refusing to be interested in the accidental and fortuitous, and by focussing attention on the permanent and true. But this common aim of art is approached from two directions, diametrically different, by men whose minds are critical and by men whose minds are creative.

The critic makes life more intelligible by taking the elements of actuality apart; and the creator makes life more intelligible by putting the elements of reality together. In a precisely scientific sense, the work of the creator is constructive and the work of the critic is destructive. The critic analyses life; the creator synthetises it.

The difference between these diametric processes may perhaps be made more clear by a concrete scientific illustration. Suppose the truth to be investigated were the composition of the substance known as water. The critic would determine this truth by taking some water and dividing it up into two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen; but the creator would establish the same truth by taking two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen and manufacturing some water by putting them together.

V

That Bernard Shaw is the keenest-minded critic who is writing for the stage to-day, no commentator could be tempted to deny; but he is not a creative artist, in the sense that Barrie—for example—is a creative artist. Shaw takes the elements of life apart; but Barrie puts the elements of life together.

This proposition has been admirably stated by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn, who is one of Shaw's most ardent celebrators. In a notably clear-minded passage, Professor Lewisohn has said:—"This remarkable writer is not, in the stricter sense, a creative artist at all. The sharp contemporaneousness and vividness of his best settings deceives us. His plays are the theatre of the analytic intellect, not the drama of man. They are a criticism of life, not in the sense of Arnold, but in the plain and literal one. His place is with Lucian rather than with Molière."

The same commentator has clearly pointed out that Shaw is incapable of creating characters that may be imagined to live their own lives outside the limits of the plays in which they figure. Instead of launching a living person into the immortal world of the imagination, Shaw writes an analytic essay on his character and sends him forth upon the stage to speak it. In *Pygmalion,* for instance, when the cockney father of the heroine remarks that he is "one of the undeserving poor," we know at once that he is not; for no member of that human confraternity could possibly be capable of such a masterly self-criticism. When the greengrocer in *Getting Married* says, in describing his own wife, "She's a born wife and mother, ma'am: that's why my children ran away from home," we accept the witticism for all that it is worth; but we know, from that moment, that the greengrocer is not a greengrocer, but merely a mouthpiece for an essayist whose initials are G.B.S.

The method of J. M. Barrie is diametrically different, because it is utterly creative. In *What Every Woman Knows,* the humble but sagacious heroine has reconciled herself to the prospect of permitting her husband to elope with the more attractive Lady Sybil Lazenby; but suddenly she says to them, "You had better not go away till Saturday, for that's the day when the laundry comes home." In *A Kiss for Cinderella,* the Policeman sits down to write a love-letter for the first time in his life; and this is what he writes,—"There are thirty-four policemen sitting in this room, but I would rather have you, my dear." These people are alive. They do not have to tell us anything about themselves; and the author does not have to tell us anything about them.

No dramatist who lacks the primal gift of spontaneous and absolute cre-

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ation—however brilliant be his talents as a critic—can finally be ranked among the greatest. For this reason, the plays of Bernard Shaw will ultimately be regarded as inferior to the plays of J. M. Barrie, and the best plays of Pinero and of Jones, and the few good plays of Galsworthy. All these other dramatists have brought us face to face with many characters whom we know to be alive; and Bernard Shaw has not.

At the present moment, in New York, it is possible to see one night an excellent performance of *Getting Married* and to see the next night an excellent performance of *A Kiss for Cinderella*. Any open-minded person who affords himself the luxury of this experience will be inclined to rush home to his library and throw the learned books of Professor Lewisohn, Professor Chandler, and Professor Henderson out of the window into the star-lit and unrestricted street. It must, in all fairness, be admitted that *Getting Married* shows Shaw very nearly at his worst and that *A Kiss for Cinderella* shows Barrie very nearly at his best; but the contrast, after all, is less a contrast of quality than a contrast of method. Barrie creates life, and Shaw discusses it; and the difference is just as keen as the difference between a woman who gives birth to a child and a woman who merely appears upon a platform and delivers a lecture on the subject of birth-control.

VI

Externally—in what Hamlet would have called "their trappings and their suits"—*Getting Married* is a realistic play that apes the actual, and *A Kiss for Cinderella* is a romantic play that flies with freedom through the realm of fancy. But—considered in their ultimate significance—it is the realistic play that is the more fantastic, and it is the play of fancy that is finally more real than its competitor. We believe *A Kiss for Cinderella,* because we know, as Barrie knows, that nothing in life is true but what has been imagined; and we do not believe the text of *Getting Married,* because we know that people, in a crisis of their lives, are not accustomed to sit down calmly and discuss their motives in a mood of critical intelligence.

Shaw attacks life with his intellect; Barrie caresses life with his emotions. Shaw will always be admired most by scholars and professors and "undramatic critics," who make their living by their intellects and, in consequence, are prejudiced in favour of intelligence. But Barrie will always be admired most by women and children and poets, who feel that the emotions are wiser than the intellect, and who know—without discussion—that the greatest reason for the greatest things is incorporated always in the single, mystic word,—"because . . ."

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A LITERARY DISCOVERY

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY BRYANT, WHITTIER, HOLMES AND GERRIT SMITH

BY CHARLES T. WHITE

UNPUBLISHED poems by William Cullen Bryant, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Gerrit Smith, sent to John Pierpont, poet, Unitarian clergyman, anti-slavery and temperance reformer, on his eightieth birthday anniversary, April 6, 1865, in the city of Washington, are brought to light more than half a century afterward by Mrs. E. M. C. Merwin, of Pawling, New York. Mrs. Merwin is a niece of the late Mrs. John Pierpont. Following the death of John Pierpont on August 27, 1866, his papers came into possession of his widow, who later turned many of them over to her sister, the mother of Mrs. Merwin. For the greater part of the time since the death of John Pierpont his letters from distinguished men remained folded away. The birthday greetings sent him by Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Smith and others do not appear in the published works of the writers.

John Pierpont was the great-grandfather of the present J. Pierpont Morgan of New York. He was born in Litchfield in 1785, graduated at Yale in 1804, and studied law, which he soon abandoned. In 1816 he published his *Airs of Palestine,* which immediately established his reputation. He studied theology at Harvard, and in 1819 was ordained pastor of Hollis Street Church in Boston. Later, in 1845, he became pastor of the Medford Unitarian Church. He was a vigourous advocate of temperance, anti-slavery and other reforms. During the Civil War he spent much of the time in Washington, where he knew Abraham Lincoln well, and the latter's autograph is in the old album from which the poems which follow were taken. The manner of man John Pierpont was in the darkest period of the Civil War may be judged from the tone of "Our Country's Call," printed with the tributes from his brother poets. In a day when men are torn with conflicting emotions over the questions of preparedness, it may clear the atmosphere for some to read a bugle-call like this one from Dr. Pierpont.

TO JOHN PIERPONT

Health to thee, Pierpont, tried and honest,
In Freedom's fight among the soonest,
Who still as Freedom's minstrel croonest
Her triumph lays,
And like some hoary harper tunest
Thy hymns of praise!

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Where's now the ban ecclesiastic?
Where they who played their first and last trick
To clog thy Christian steps elastic
And drown thy word
So keen, so trenchant and sarcastic,
A two-edged sword!

Where now are all the "unco' good,"
The Canaan-cursing "Brotherhood"?
The mobs they raised, the storms they brewed,
And pulpit thunder?
Sheer sunk like Pharaoh's multitude,
They've all "gone under"!

And thou, our noblest and our oldest,
Our Priest and Poet first and boldest,
Crowned with thy fourscore years beholdest
Thy country free.
O, sight to warm a heart the coldest,
How much more thee!

All blessings from the bounteous Giver
Be thine, on either side the river;
And when thy sum of life forever
The angels foot up,
Not vain shall seem thy long endeavour
All wrong to root up!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amesbury, 3d mo., 1865.

TO THE REVD. DR. JOHN PIERPONT, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind,
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Long potent with the sons of men,
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

April, 1865. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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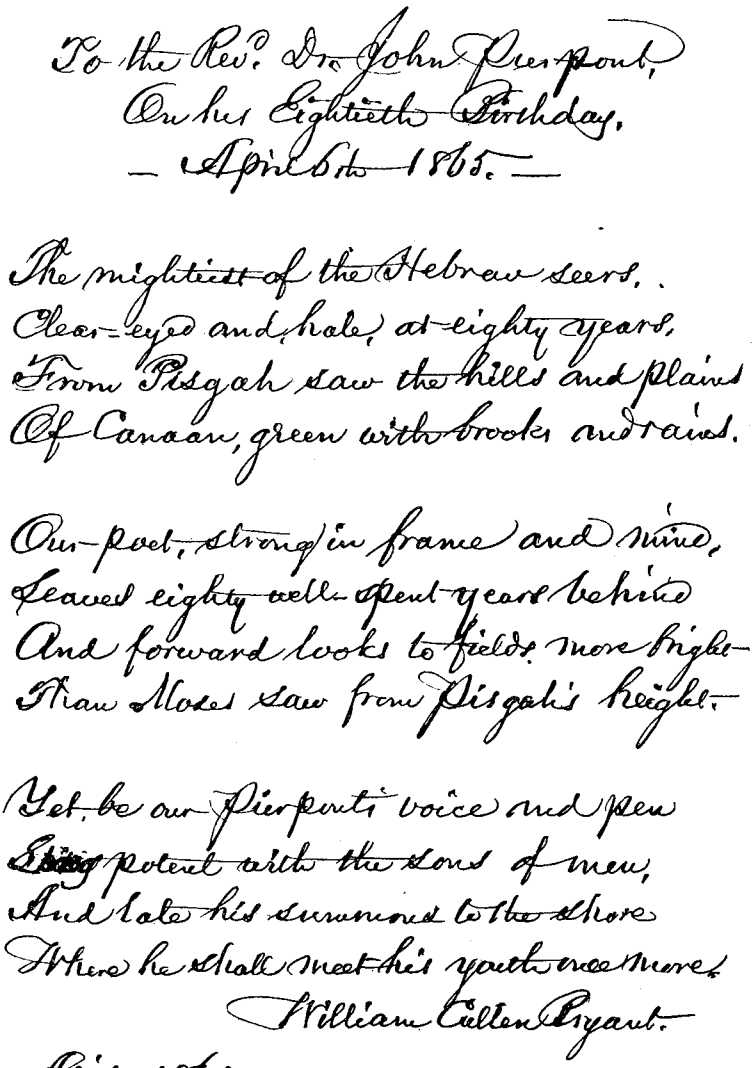

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On his Eightieth Birthday,
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And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

William Cullen Bryant.

April, 1865.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, VERY SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN SIZE

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TO JOHN PIERPONT, APRIL 3, 1865

Love, honour, reverence are the meed we owe
To him who in the press of younger men,
Toiling with head, heart, hand, with tongue and pen,
Treads his firm pathway through the blinding snow,
Singing in cheery tones that long ago
Our fathers heard: Not less melodious, when
Ten winters lie on three score years and ten,
And still life's unchilled fountains overflow!
Though paler seems the faithful watch tower's light
In the rich dawn that kindles all the day,
Still in our grateful memory lives the ray
Of the lone flambeau, blazing through the night
Now while the heavens, in new-born splendours bright
Shine o'er a ransomed people's opening way.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO JOHN PIERPONT ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, APRIL 6, 1865

A grand stone-bridge! my friend, is yours!
[pierre-pont]
Though travelled o'er for eighty years
Its strength—its beauty e'er endured,
Nor for its future need be fears.

What heavy loads this bridge have passed!
What Temp'rance and what Freedom-freight!
And never does its back have rest
From burdens of the Church or State.

This strong stone-bridge shall not be gone
Till you, your century complete,
Another body shall put on
For higher use a body meet.

Thou heaven-born poet! thoughts to *you*
I felt should not in prose be said:
Hence dropped I prose—though well I know
My poetry's but "prose run mad."

With this small draft I wish you'd get
A Birthday Present in my name:
That so, though absent, I may yet
Be coupled with this birthday's fame.

GERRIT SMITH.

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OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

BY JOHN PIERPONT

Men who plow your granite peaks,
O'er whose head your Eagle shrieks,
And, for aye, of freedom speaks,
Hear your Country's Call!
Swear, each loyal mother's son,
Swear "Our Country shall be One!"
Seize your sword, or bring your gun,
Bayonet and ball!

For the land that bore you, arm!
Shield the State you love from harm!
Catch, and round you spread the alarm!
Hear, and hold your breath!
See! the hostile horde is nigh!
See! the storm sweeps roaring by!
Hear and heed our battle cry!
"Victory or death!"

Sturdy landsmen! hardy tars!
Can ye see your stripes and stars
Flouted by the three broad bars
And cool blooded feel?
There the rebel banner floats!
Tyrants, vanquished by your votes,
Spring, like bloodhounds, at your throats—
Let them bite your steel!

With no traitor at their head,
By no braggart coward led,
By no hero caught abed,
While he dreams of flight;
By no "Young Napoleons,"
Kept at bay by wooden guns,
Shall your brothers and your sons
Be held back from fight.

Like a whirlwind in its course,
Shall *again* a rebel force,—
Jackson's foot and Stuart's horse—
Pass our sleepy posts;
Roam, like Satan to and fro,
And our laggard let them go?
No! in thunder answer "No,
By the Lord of Hosts!"

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With the Lord of Hosts, we fight,
For His *freedom,* and His *right,*
Strike for *these* and his allmight
Shall with victory crown
Loyal brave, alive or dead,—
Crush each crawling copperhead,
And, in bloody battle, tread
This rebellion down!

Talk of "Peace," in hours like this?
'Tis Iscariot's traitor kiss!
'Tis the old serpent Slavery's hiss!
'Tis his latest lie!
Throttle him, with all your might!
When he's in your grip so tight,
He can neither lie nor bite,
He will—up and die!

Washington, D. C., 1863.

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EMILE VERHAEREN

BORN AT ST. AMAND, BELGIUM, MAY, 1855
DIED AT ROUEN, FRANCE, NOVEMBER, 1916

BY MAY LAMBERTON-BECKER

It would have been an anticlimax if Emile Verhaeren had died in his bed. He had been all through that once; all that disease of body or mind could teach him he had learned and recorded before he had passed middle life, and while yet in the body he had gone, in essentials, through death and transfiguration. He was too old to die in battle for his own "Belgique Sanglante." There remained, however, an appropriate taking-off. He was killed, so the news comes, under the wheels of a train in Rouen. Verhaeren believed in trains; he had made them reveal themselves in poetry with their own rhythms and their own roar. A railroad train was to him one of the types and figures of this age—blind force compelled and controlled by human energy. This time force took its own blind way, and dispersed his human spirit, just as the Europe of his dream, the spiritual federation without frontiers he had seemed to see rising to compel and control the forces of this dynamic age, was dispersed and ground out of the path of the forces still taking their own blind way. He had been swept out of Belgium in much the same way that he was swept off the planet. And though Verhaeren was so much at home on this planet that I cannot believe him at all anxious to leave it, if anything was to push him off I am sure he would have preferred it to be a railroad train.

He was just over sixty, but his face looked much older, especially his eyes. Midway of a robust Flemish lifetime, he broke down utterly and went as far into the bottomless pit of nervous prostration as a writing man has gone and come back alive and whole. For the importance of Verhaeren's catastrophe to the world of letters is that he not only wrote all through his breakdown—*Les Soirs, Les Débâcles, Les Flambeaux Noirs,* are bloody footprints across an arid waste—but that he continued to write at every stage of his recuperation, through *Les Apparus dans mes Chemins* and *Les Villes Tentaculaires,* not only to recovery but to apotheosis, in *Les Forces Tumultueuses, La Multiple Splendeur, Les Rythmes Souverains.* It is the spiritual history of his generation, this soul's biography of his, written in a shelfful of slender volumes. For he had the malady of his generation, the insatiable will-to-know. He forced his intellect ever and ever again into desperate attempts to fathom mysteries before which the intellect is powerless, as a hunted man twists and bends in the lock a key that will not fit. The colossal phantom of Fatigue that he evokes—the man clad in rags of dead centuries, lifting to seize the sun his poor human hands, dragging one great broken wing, futile and grandiose, and barring with a gesture the temples where men yet would pray—this fatigue is of the intellect, worn out in its magnificent, foredoomed effort. Out of that struggle came his deepest sympathies and through it he won his greatest triumphs.

His literary career began with an explosion—*Les Flamandes,* poems about peasants, implacably alive, robust and violent. This volume followed him through his career much as one group of poems followed Whitman, and with

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much the same effect upon his reputation among the timid: it differs from *Children of Adam* altogether in that it is description without participation; the poet is an outsider and the reader remains one. This is the quality that keeps the volume from being immoral and prevents it from being great. He does not get into his own poetry, he writes nothing that could be called a "song of myself," until the poems of his great crisis, but after that he is never separate from them. The only way to read the black trilogy that ends with *Black Torches* without a dangerous effect on a sensitive psychology, is to keep in mind that he went through all that and came out sane. If he had died then, these marvellous poems should have been forbidden anyone but an alienist. However, he lived to pull himself out of the pit himself had digged, and by the same power, his own brain; having thought himself almost to madness, he thought himself out again and into a clearer, glorious sanity. He may well sing:

O thou my brain, my misery and my joy,
Cave of my torture, palace of my pride,
A huddled heap of problems for the soul
And body to decide.

I love thee be thy fortune good or ill,
Be thou a conqueror or defeat thy part,
Sound in the truth or sick with error, still
Thou art

Steady, and prompt, and conquering
Thy glowing joy and still more burning woe;
Thou liv'st as lived the men of old—the great.
The others? . . . let them go!

Verhaeren at his highest is the voice of the city, the train, the factory, the dynamo; the spirit of the crowd, the multitude; the dream within them and beyond them. He is the poet of energy, his verse comes in jets. Much of it he composed while striding across country, and its rhythms are like gestures, great gestures of the whole body. When his body was still quivering from its ordeal, the city impressed him only as a vast octopus, sucking up the life of the countryside, the "tentacled town," "la ville tentaculaire," a phrase so compelling that too many people could not forget it nor remember Verhaeren save as its originator. For true though it is, as anyone knows who has seen the depopulation of the countryside or the fringe of devastation about the edge of a great city, it is not all the truth nor even the truth that matters, and Verhaeren passed through this phase as rapidly as his health returned. For what does matter is that the world's future lies in the city, and that for good or ill its destinies are in the hands of the crowd, of the multitude. This Verhaeren felt rather than saw, and felt by the true poetic process of identifying himself with the spirit of the city and its multitude. *La Foule* is the most tremendous expression of this process. Upon a night of seething tumults, in a city swept by prodigious lights, throbbing with tremendous dynamos, a modern city with the swarming uglinesses and grandeurs of to-day, the poet's heart is engulfed within the multitude, to find itself multiplied and transfigured, gifted at length with some dawning prescience of the future that only the crowd may dimly discern, of the destiny that it is erecting, red and tragic, upon the horizon. For that future, nothing is impossible, nor is anything beyond the spirit of man. In "L'Impossible" he sings:

Man, how so high the mountain inaccessible,
Where thine ardent soul aspire,
Never fear lest thou shouldst tire
The golden steeds of the impossible.

Mount further, higher, than thy soul could see
Midway the slope, amid the gentle rills,
Under the shadow of the springing hills,
In flight thy joy shall be!

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Who halts upon the path too soon will turn—
It is the rage, it is the strife
Against the wrong, that is your life!
Feed then the flame, nor care thou what it burn.

To change, to mount—this is the law profound;
The compass never may
On the moveless present stay,
Measuring creation's glorious, endless round.

Carest thou now for fame, content and cold,
Granting the placid palm
Of victory sure and calm?
Thine ardent dream has spurned what it could hold.

That bars to-day that was but late its goal;
Be then, as thou wert meant,
Thine own astonishment,
Nor ask how shall thy form withstand thy soul.

Thy soul's an urge that never will be done;
And the gold steeds of the impossible
High on the mountain inaccessible
They, they alone, will bear thee ever on!

It is hard for an American, reading a poem as smoothly flowing as this,—for I have made a faithful transcription of rhyme and metre—and knowing that it fairly represents a fair proportion of his verses, to see why so many literary riots arose in France over the irregularities of Verhaeren's verse. Much of it is, as I have said, as smooth as this, and at its most dithyrambic, there is always a definite rhyme and rhythm. French prosody is so much more conservative than ours. Gustave Kahn says in rueful retrospect of the liberties—we should call them gentle—that he took with accepted forms, "never did a movement give rise to more clamours. It would seem that in touching the Alexandrine we were robbing the stage-coach of wholesome French letters." The American idea of *vers libre*, as produced here by its masters and past-masters, is much more free prose than free verse. The rhyme of Verhaeren, however widely distributed, holds his verse together and gives it a certain structural unity, and he has always a recognisable rhythmic plan, however that differs from accustomed planning of rhythms. Every poet, he believed, should find in himself his own rhythmic force. Everything that he feels should vibrate in his whole being, his nerves, his bones, his muscles, thanks to a contagious emotion which goes from things to his soul. "This faithful instant communication creates in the entire being a concussion (*ebranlement*), a special dynamic, and it is this profound interior movement which will furnish him the rhythm of his verse. Rhyme or assonance serves only to accentuate the rhythm, to regulate it, to give it its architecture." The beauty of his verse, consisting even more in the movement that disarranges lines than in the harmony with which they arrange themselves, is in direct contradiction to the classic ideal, and to one trained only to that, reveals itself as little for beauty as the complex pulsations of machinery reveal themselves for rhythms. But these pulsations are now at the very roots of our being, and if we still write our poetry only to the click of horses' hoofs it will be subtly out of time with an age that hears that click no longer.

In such rhythms—that with the distinctive character of the rhyming make the adequate translation of his greatest verse so difficult—Verhaeren expressed the ideals of his own age, ideals it had itself scarce realised or formulated. It is man that engrosses him, man in the universe and the universe in man. "L'homme dans l'univers n'a qu'un maître, lui-même. Et l'univers entier est ce maître, dans lui." His universe is so vast, and man has reached out for so many attributes that once he enthroned and worshipped, inaccessible, in

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the heavens! Verhaeren never throws off old faiths nor revolts from them; when it seems to him that they have passed, he writes their iron epitaphs, mourning but not despairing, and awaits the new incarnation of the old beauty. In "Sur la Mer," a ship with sails so encarnadined one would think a garden floated upon the sea, sets out, garlands of foam about its prow, on one of those golden evenings when, the old folks say, Jesus walks upon the water. It seeks that corner of the golden heaven where the star shall appear that guided to Bethlehem. Days and nights it voyages, clad in loving moonlight or under the rays of a docile sun. But it never sees footprints upon the waves. At last, upon a feast day, it returns like a garden faded—for the master dares not tell the waiting people that he has heard the flood crying from shore to shore that Pan and Jesus both were dead. But the mariners, their souls indomitable as the ship, that night with joyful cries flee into the tempest, knowing that the giant storm will drive them toward other oceans, and that always and anyway they must bring back from them golden desires and victories of light. He says elsewhere,

Mais les plus exaltés, se dirent dans leurs cœurs,
Partons quand même, avec notre âme inassouvie,
Puisque la force et que la vie
Sont au-delà des vérités et des erreurs.

"All life is in flight"—"to admire is to exalt one's self"—says his "multiplied heart";

Pour vivre clair ferme et juste
Avec mon cœur j'admire tout
Ce qui vibre, travaille et bout
Dans la tendresse humaine et sur la terre auguste.

To the city, he rejoices in *Les Villes,* comes that glorious humanity, the scientists and inventors, who have plundered the mysteries barred by hostile portals. Their force is re-absorbed into the force of the city, with its clamours of stone and gestures of smoke, and its enormous life grows greater through theirs. There, too, are those who work for the people, ardent martyrs of dream, marching through gardens of blood toward the resplendent threshold of a time when justice shall conquer men.

Ah well, he was to march through blood enough; to see the smoke of burning cities obscure the vision of the resplendent threshold; to write his last verses in fiery rage and defiance and dedicate them to "the man I was yesterday." How long before his body goes back to a liberated Belgium, no one knows, nor how endlessly long before men again dream the great dream of which he wrote, in the preface to an anthology of German poems for French readers—"the idea of a Europe to be formed, no more out of old concepts, but out of new realities." "Your humanity," he writes to the editor, "and your good sense revolt at believing war inevitable between these two enormous and highly civilised forces. You wish them both serene and beautiful, both luminous, comprehensive and useful, because you know that upon them above all will be established "l'assise du futur Occident à destinée unique"! To have lived for that, and to have died in 1916!

With all his verse he wrote but three groups of personal love poems; together they make but a slender volume, but so beautiful that it has been translated more than any other—twice into English this year, though I am using my own version in the poem that follows. All these poems are written to the woman he married, and the most lovely after they had been married for years. Here is the one in which the two, in the afternoon of life and the afternoon of a golden day, seated in an old-world garden, have been talking together of the great change they knew approaching.

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When twilight comes, sometimes you speak to me
So tenderly, the flowers above the wall
For love of you, lean down; to touch us both
Their fragrant petals on our knees let fall;
You've told me of that hour, so close, when our ripe years
Shall fill Death's garnering hand; and you have told
How Life shall break Fate's glass; and how two hearts
Learn how to love, in learning to grow old.
Your voice enfolds me like a dear embrace,
Your tranquil heart glows through the evening gloom,
Until my vision fearlessly can trace
The tortuous roads that journey toward the tomb.

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan is the first instalment of a "life-story" by a new and presumably young English novelist who may no doubt be trusted to carry it to its trilogical end: a sequel is promised (or threatened) on the last page of the present narrative. The layout is for an inferior though by no means contemptible *Jacob Stahl* kind of thing. Ledgar Dunstan, like Jacob Stahl, is of unpromising middle-class origin. He rather painfully frees himself from the slavery of middle-class convention, is for some time a cog in the commercial machine, and later becomes a writing fellow, and a successful one. But there was a certainty of mood and of touch in Mr. Beresford's narrative which we miss here. Ledgar's creator, for one thing, is unable to confine himself to Ledgar. A besetting foible is his fondness for amusing anecdotes which have little or nothing to do with the narrative. They rise in the author's memory or fancy, and he simply cannot help "springing" them. In this performance, therefore, any actor, or the author himself, is likely to be found stepping forward at any moment with the "Here is a good one" air, while the action waits. For example: "Mr. Telfer used a somewhat hackneyed but expressive phrase because of an unfortunate little incident that had happened in his family last Guy Fawkes Day. A nephew of his had just ignited the touch-paper of a rocket, when his little brother, at the voracious age which sticks at nothing, had come along and swallowed it. . . . Their mother spent all her spare time now at the attic window looking through a telescope, but he had not yet come down." We understand this to come from Mr. Telfer's mouth, or pen, but it is not especially characteristic of him—he merely gets it off for the author. Such a habit is a sign of limitation; and indeed the book is ingenious and brilliant rather than sound and sincere. Ledgar himself is one of those wandering, experimenting youths of whom current British fiction is so full. In the end we begin to have hopes of him, but even then we are more certain about his sensibilities than about his vertebræ. He begins life in the now orthodox way, by discovering that his parents are Pharisees and his home a desert. He has the familiar experiences of brutality and the classics in an English boys' school. He rambles vaguely through other initiatory experiences—feeling his oats, finding his immediate job, orienting himself in various ways—yet with no certainty of arriving at any goal. When we leave him, for the time, he has already won success as a novelist, he has already married the woman of his choice. But—and this is the promise of the book—the author is not content to leave his man here. He sees him rising, on his way,

*The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan. By Alfred Tressider Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Unhappy in Thy Daring. By Marius Lyle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Prussian Officer and Other Stories. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Vermilion Box. By E. V. Lucas. New York: G. H. Doran Company.

The Agony Column. By Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

King—of the Khyber Rifles. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Taming of Calinga. By C. L. Carlsen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Head Winds. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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but still far enough from his destiny. Therefore there is to be a sequel, and it will be called *The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan.*

II

Unhappy in Thy Daring is a story by another new British novelist of the same school. Mr. Wells has praised it, and may well feel toward it the warmth of a grandsire for his more remote offspring. The scene is laid in Ireland, the colouring is Irish, but the manner is Anglo-Wellsian. Here is your risky and almost fatal experiment of marriage, your linking of unequal natures, your development of the inevitable triangle, your cool but ruthlessly explicit presentment of sex in action. No blinking facts for us, or sentimentalising them: this is how men and women are made, and the only way we can get ahead is to admit it! Away with romance, down with the shade of the late too blameless Queen—let us devote ourselves to brass tacks. Such would seem to be the mood in which this narrative, like so many other recent narratives, has been undertaken. There are many pages here which would have been denied the perusal of the Young Person, before that harmless unnecessary creature became obsolete. There are passages which violate, I do not say morals, but taste: they present ignoble things in a vulgar way. They follow a current fashion. And yet the book as a whole is, in its way, an argument for the defence. Rupert Standish, the man, is that poor stick about whom, one would say, people in general care so little, and yet about whom the novelists make so incessant a pother—the fellow with a "temperament," the hero of moods and emotions and no character. This one, the author does not deny, has the physique of a Greek god, though of mediocre birth and fortune, and therefore readily carries off beautiful Shelagh Lynch against all comers. They have as little in common as may be. He is a dilettante, a lover of beauty, a dabbler in music and letters. She is a hunting woman, with little æsthetic sense and no fitness for the physically stagnant life to which his retired country estate condemns her. He has no greater interest in sport than she in books or music. Rupert has the philandering impulse of his tribe, and after several years of childless marriage the relation of the pair is not hopeful. It is further endangered by the advent into the household of Hester, Shelagh's half-sister. She is much younger, but ill-favoured in all senses—uncomely in person, repellent in manner, and helplessly jealous of Shelagh's charm and popularity. For the rest, she is an egoist of the intellect, as Rupert is an egoist of the senses. Against these two, presently, Shelagh's elementary forces are pitted. They sin against her in every way, but it is she who in the end wins a sort of victory, for her strength is based upon that simple old commodity of womanliness which the modern, intellectual, protestant Hester lacks—or, let us say, of character, which her opponents both lack. In the end the hapless Hester realises her defeat and its cause, and she and life cease to have any use for each other. As for our precious Rupert, if life has further use for him, it is only as life is embodied in Shelagh and her children. In himself he has no dignity or serviceableness, and we have to take the author's word for his genius and charm.—A poor stick, in the end as in the beginning.

III

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is one of the younger English novelists who embody a most deliberate and thoroughgoing protest against literary respectability and insularity as represented by the now infamous word Victorian. His models are Continental, his mood is untouched by British sentimentalism or reticence or complacency. The world is no happy spectacle for him, its facts are grim or squalid, its motives dubious—capable of gaining a sort of glamour only through the interpretations of a vague æsthetic mysticism. Character, in the sense of a

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poised and stable faculty for conduct, individual in itself and yet based upon something universal, interests him less than personality. Again and again in this book, as in other books—*Twilight in Italy,* for example—Mr. Lawrence emphasises and dwells upon the isolation of the human soul. The tragedy of the Prussian officer and his orderly is the result of a continued contact, part attraction, part repulsion, between two egos, one powerful, aggressive, the other dumb, hardly conscious of itself—destined to achieve one dreadful act of self-assertion, and to perish of the effort. The officer has been brutal, and the orderly has seemed cowed: "But it was only the outside of the orderly's body that was obeying so humbly and mechanically. Inside had gradually accumulated a core into which all the energy of that young life was compact and concentrated. He executed his commission, and plodded quickly back uphill. There was a pain in his head, as he walked, that made him twist his features unknowingly. But hard there in the centre of his chest was himself, himself firm, and not to be plucked to pieces. So, in another tale, Bachmann, the deserter, at the moment of his arrest is conscious only of his ego: "He was very still, silent in himself. He was in an abstract, motionless world. . . . Soon he was ready. He stood at attention. But only the shell of his body was at attention. A curious silence, a blankness, like something eternal, possessed him. He remained true to himself." And in "Odour of Chrysanthemums," when the wife looks upon the body of her collier-husband, killed in a mine-accident, "She saw him, how utterly inviolable he lay in himself. She had nothing to do with him. She could not accept it. Stooping, she laid her hand on his, in claim. . . . And she knew what a stranger he was to her. In her womb was an ice of fear, because of this separate stranger with whom she had been living as one flesh. Was this what it all meant—utter, intact separateness, obscured by heat of living?" Plainly, there is little peace in this volume for the nervous reader, little good cheer for the purchaser of sweet and pleasant fiction. And I am by no means sure that there is enough genuine force here to atone for all the disagreeableness. Finally, the reader may be cautioned that according to American magazine standards these are sketches and not stories at all.

IV

The author of *The Vermilion Box* has robbed the mails before this (notably in *Listener's Lure*), in the interest of his readers. The box, of course, is the post-box, and these are letters of a score or so of representative Britons writing in war-time. The effect of them as a whole fairly justifies the publisher in announcing a novel, but hardly a "jolly little novel." Mirth the book contains, but not jollity, its humour is deeper than the surface. Like Mr. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* it shows the war dawning upon, and by degrees coming home to, the normal Englishman and Englishwoman at home. The correspondence centres in a family of Havens, with their connections and acquaintance. It is simply an average family of the upper middle class. Its intellectual head and the chief letter-writer is Richard Haven, a bachelor and barrister of nearly fifty, a man of exceptional good sense and good feeling. Then there are his mother, his four married sisters, various nephews and nieces, and a friend or two outside the family, one of them being a Unitarian minister in Brooklyn. Richard Haven takes a grave view of the war from the beginning, but has faith in England and her destiny. In contrast with him is one of his brothers-in-law, George Wiston, a retired brewer and a confirmed pessimist. He enjoys the gloomiest possible view of England's methods and powers, and is always writing to the *Times* about things undone or badly done in high quarters. "Granny" Haven writes some delightful letters: "I can't help saying that several Germans that I have

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known were quite harmless people, and Fräulein Schmidt, who taught your mother and her sisters German, often volunteered of her own free will to help with the flowers, and so forth, when we had visitors. And Mendelssohn's music, too, so sweet and serious! Why the Germans should have changed so, I can't think." The Toby Starr to whom this is written is the typical healthy, cricketing English boy who now, after a year at the university, enlists with as little fuss and self-consciousness as if he were going into a game. Before he leaves for the front he has received good advice and periscopes from most of his friends, and entered into a very pretty correspondence with a nice girl, begun informally, but carried on with great propriety and to a most satisfying conclusion. One or two other youthful romances are here recorded in fragmentary fashion, romances precipitated by the war and constituting a natural element in the war situation. Toby distinguishes himself and comes through these pages, at least, unscathed. There are other heroes and devoted spirits, both at the front and at home. But even the Haven connection is not without its slackers and triflers: George Wiston's nephew Archibald, the "artist," of whose pretended eagerness to serve and extreme ingenuity in avoiding service we hear through the innocent pen of his doting mother; and Mrs. Park-Stanmer, wife of an army man, and a hopelessly selfish flirt, to whom the war represents a widening of opportunity for her little escapades, and nothing more. The book gives almost as strong an impression as *Mr. Britling* did, of contact with the real English people as the great crisis has found and developed them.

V

Toby Starr makes the acquaintance of his fair Portia through the personal column of the *Times;* and the action of *The Agony Column* is based on a similar procedure. The hero, Geoffrey West, happens to breakfast at the same table, at the Carlton, with the heroine, Marian Larned. Both are young Americans in London, West being, as it turns out, a young playwright on the job, the girl simply an American abroad with her dutiful senatorial father. West discovers at once that the beautiful one is, like himself, a delighted and constant reader of the "agony column" of the *Daily Mail.* Hence his inspired communication in the next number of the *Mail:*

> Carlton Restaurant: Nine A.M., Friday morning. Will the young woman who preferred grapefruit to strawberries permit the young man who had two plates of the latter to say he will not rest until he discovers some mutual friend, that they may meet and laugh over this column together.

To which, a day or two later, appears this reply:

> Strawberry Man: Only the grapefruit lady's kind heart and her great fondness for mystery and romance move her to answer. The strawberry-mad one may write one letter a day for seven days—to prove that he is an interesting person, worth knowing. Then—we shall see. Address: M. A. L., Care Sadie Haight, Carlton Hotel.

So much for the introduction, which is pleasant and ordinary enough. What the reader expects is a sentimental correspondence varied by some physical hide-and-seek, involving the person named Sadie Haight, and the grapefruit lady's comic father, with some little punch of surprise at the end to give savour to its predestined romantic conclusion. But the writer is not content with that. He has a really novel idea, and works it out in the form of a story within a story. Our Geoffrey, taking his cue from the lady's reply, sets out to make his week of letters as full of mystery and romance as possible. To that end, with the aid of certain hints provided by his immediate surroundings and the "agony column," he concocts an elaborate and finished tale of adventures in which, from day to day, he is supposed

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to be involved. The yarn involves murder, conspiracy, international complications, Scotland Yard, the writer's own arrest and discharge, and his final confession to the grapefruit lady that he is after all, the murderer—on paper, and that except on paper, the whole thing is a hoax. In the meantime war has begun, Americans are making for home with all speed, and our young man is able to get aboard our young woman's boat only as a technical stowaway. There, however, the purser, the Senator, and fate prove amenable, and the end is all that it should be. The story is hardly more than a "novelette," but it is a notably good one.

VI

Another piece of outlandish romancing very effectively done is *King—of the Khyber Rifles*. It is rather like Mr. Stewart Edward White's *The Leopard Woman* in some ways. Again the chosen moment is the outbreak of the great war; the hero is a British official upon a secret mission; the heroine is set against him by her race and the necessity of the hour, attempts his life on occasion, and in the end succumbs to his manly (no, virile!) charm. Mr. White's scene was Africa, Mr. Mundy's is India. A right Indian flavour is assured from the outset by the use of Kiplingish or near-Kiplingish jingles by way of introducing the different chapters.

For eyes we be, of Empire, we!
Skinned and puckered and quick to see!
And nobody guesses how wise we be.
Unwilling to advertise we be.
But, hot on the trail of lies we be
The pullers of roots of ruction!

This, we hardly need to be told, is a song of the Indian Secret Service, sung doubtless at their rallies. Athelstan King, besides being a captain in the Anglo-Indian army, is of that species of super-detective, the secret service man. Whenever any particularly ticklish job has to be done single-handed, it is King, of the Khyber Rifles, whom the authorities are most likely to pick for it. Soon after the outbreak of the war, there are rumours of a Moslem "jehad," brewing in the hill-country, with its storm-centre at Khinjan, a notorious breeding-place for sedition and thuggee. It is suspected that all that country is in the power of Yasmini, a dancing-woman of marvellous beauty and cunning, known and adored throughout India. But outwardly she is loyal to the British rule, and recent services to the government make it impossible to arrest her. Nominally, therefore, she is despatched to the Caves of Khinjan in the Empire's interest, and King is ordered to work with her. She has the start, and several attempts upon King's life are made before he knowingly catches up with her. But King is one of your nonchalant and invulnerable heroes, and the thrills we undergo on his behalf are no more than a maiden may bear. They are sharp enough for the purpose of the romancer, and they come thick and fast. What happens in Khinjan Caves and thereafter need not be revealed here, nor need the nature of that punch with which the story closes. There is no kiss-curtain, and the author seems to hint at a sequel which will doubtless, after suitable postponements, lead to that delightful consummation.

VII

King—of the Khyber Rifles is, after all, nothing better than a yarn cleverly made to order. In *The Taming of Calinga* the reader may find an exotic romance of far more originality and power. It is the story of a Philippine head-hunter, and succeeds in making that strange sort of romantic hero quite human and intelligible. Calinga belongs to a hill tribe which has an ancient tincture of Chinese blood. The Old Chief, Calinga's father, just before his death tells his son the legend of certain "Green Devils, who carry Magic Sticks that stab from afar," who have driven their ancestor into the hills; and of a mighty god, O-mi-to-fu, and commits to his care

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and worship a tiny clay image of that deity. Calinga loves the Comeliest Maid of the tribe, and though he is Chief, by tribal usage he can win her only by laying at her feet the most valuable trophy—that is, the largest number of heads taken from the Valley People. So he sets out alone upon his Sacred Hunt. He gets his trophies, but after hiding them is captured by the Valley People, and learns the power of the Green Devils, and above all of their Magic Sticks. In other words, he falls into the hands of Señor Calimag, Presidente of Badi. He is virtually a slave for a time, in a corrupt and filthy travesty of a civilised community. It contains one good man, however, a Padre, whose kindness and tact presently win the savage young Chief to the Christian faith. He becomes outwardly civilised, and, under the Padre's protection, marries a village girl whose heart has been won by his simplicity and natural virtue. Meanwhile his trophies of valour have been stolen by a rival and offered to the Comeliest Maid, but she scents treachery and will have none of him. For a long time she waits for the young Chief's return, and at last, desperate with love, sets out to find him for herself. As it happens—and no reader will grudge the story-teller that happening—she is taken prisoner and brought to Badi at the moment when Calinga's young wife has died, and when there has suddenly been brought home to him the rottenness and perfidy of these Christians whose religion and life he has embraced. In an instant he reverts to the earlier standards, takes new trophies from among those who have betrayed his spirit, and, with his savage mate beside him, flees to the hills—himself once more. There is irony here, it will be seen, but an irony that remains inherent in the action, and is in no way "rubbed in" by the story-teller.

VIII

James B. Connolly is a frank dealer in sentiment, but though he is always on the ragged edge, either his instinct or his race keeps him always on the safe side of bathos. He is a lover of "red blood" also, delighting in the conflict of strong men with perilous seas, or with injustice—or with each other for the joy of it. But these strong men of his (unlike the late Jack London's, for example) are always vibrating to the tune of young love, or patriotism, or home and mother. When they are not, they are villains. In his present collection of tales, *Head Winds,* he covers a wide range of place and atmosphere and plot, but his themes do not greatly vary. He has an exceptional knack at making "realistic" detail serve the purposes and enhance the effects of romance. The tale of "The Trawler," for example, which won a great prize in a *Collier's* competition, gives that sense of the real sea, its smell, its movement, its infinite treachery, which belongs to all of this writer's stories of the Gloucester fishermen. The tale itself is a tale of dreams, of a type of super-fisherman: the act of sacrifice with which it culminates is, as coloured by the romancer, not an act of grim heroism, but a triumphant and slightly theatrical display of sentiment, a "demonstration" of human nature as writers greater than Mr. Connolly—Dickens being perhaps first among them—have loved to fancy it. In "Mother Machree," the story of an Irish mother and her well-rewarded devotion, sentiment fairly passes over into emotion. Of the other tales, three are laid in Mexico, one on a Mississippi steamboat, and another in France. They are told with great technical skill, and yet dare have a character of their own, instead of following slavishly that O. Henry formula which now threatens to stultify American short-story writing.

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ADVENTURES

BY A LITERARY VAGRANT

THERE is the authority of H. G. Wells for it—"the literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure." This holds as true for the least of scribblers, even for a literary vagrant, as it does for author-celebrities. While the writer whose work "excites interest" is seeing the world and meeting, as Mr. Wells lists them, "philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great," you may observe literature's vagrants fascinated in the thrilling sport of hunting editorial lions with little butterfly nets. The literary vagrant is not so poetic a figure as the so-called "vagabond of letters" nor so prosaic as the literary hack. In the jargon of the trade he is a "free lance"; and very literally he is to writing what the soldier of fortune is to military life. He makes his living by gambling on his luck in the magazine and newspaper markets. His reluctance to specialise is because vagrancy in topic —as in residence and in methods of work —increases the variety of his experiences. It very often happens that he spends the major part of his income in "just travelling around," trusting to chance to discover fresh material for writing wherever he alights. And in this same eager spirit of adventure he takes a keener satisfaction from annexing a new market than in selling at higher rates to a familiar one.

In the course of three and a half years of alternate lean and fat living, the author of these confessions has extracted cheques from the cashiers of sixteen magazines and a dozen newspapers. The only thing at all remarkable about the record is that it was made with no capital of creative or imaginative power. Anyone else of an adventurous spirit and enough training in observation and writing could do as well. . . . I am little more than a letter writer. If I get into print more often than whoever happens to be reading this paragraph, it is chiefly a matter of persistence—learning the game through experimenting on all sorts of topics and maintaining a reckless disregard for shoe leather and postage bills. I never have sold fiction or a line of serious verse. Every word has been simply the sort of thing you might talk to a distant friend across your writing desk, about fishing and hobble skirts, amateur photography and backlots baseball, the stage as a consumer views it, crossing-cops, cover-designs, war, magazine poets, motor cars, porch life, shop windows, strawberry shortcake. Markets for such an assorted lot of topics must, of course, be correspondingly various. I shake the kaleidoscope and discover *Collier's, Outing* and *Life;* jiggle it again and up pops *Outlook, Puck* and the *Technical World.* One morning I diagrammed for my artist roommate an idea which he drew in a slapstick comic series for the *New York Evening Journal.* Then, because I scorn Hearst with a red heat intensity and my conscience required soothing, I ended the day by selling an editorial to the sedate old *New York Evening Post.* If little fishes may be compared to a whale, Robert Louis Stevenson might be included among literary vagrants as a glorified type. He wrote fiction, biography, essays, travel, verses for children and a paper on Forms of Intermittent Light. A sort of consistency seems apparent, though hard to define; to flit around this way is part of a fashion of refusing to grow old.

My free lance career began in Kansas City, when Missouri, for the first time in thirty-six years, elected a Republican governor. Through four years of college and a year and a half as a reporter I had spent a large share of my spare

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time in battering the magazines with unavailable manuscripts. On the afternoon when we were all sure that Hadley had won I begged a big lithographed portrait of the governor-elect from a cigar store man who had displayed it in his front window. There was no time then to search for a photograph. A thrill of conviction pervaded me that at last my fingers were on a story that no magazine editor, however much he might hate to recognise the worth of new authors, could afford to reject. The newspaper's files gave me all the information I needed; the lithograph should serve for an illustration. By midnight that Irresistible Wedge for entering the magazine field was in the mails. . . . Sure enough, *Human Life* bought it; and by some miracle of speed in magazine making never explained to this day, printed it a few weeks later in the December issue. A week after the Wedge appeared, I quit my job as a reporter and became a free lance.

The immediate results were:

January—not a cent.

February—$50.46. Seven dollars of this was for the magazine story. No other magazine work had followed the Wedge.

By March it had become impressively evident that a fledgling free lance, if he is wise, will for a while depend upon newspapers for the larger part of his income. Also, if he hopes to make newspaper markets lively, he will introduce his manuscripts with photographs. I rented a little black cube of a camera for twenty-five cents a day. It had a universal focus and nothing to bother about in the way of adjustments. To operate it you peeked into the range finder, then threw a lever. I wrote about motor cars, willow farms, freaks of nature in the city parks, catfish and rag pickers—anything of which I could snap interesting photographs and find enough text to justify the picture. March saw me make $126.50. I took assignments from the city editor at $2.50 apiece in the mornings, wrote at space rates for the Sunday paper in the afternoons and at night plugged away at manuscripts intended for the magazines. It required tremendous energy to keep up the pace, but there was sweet comfort in the thought that at last I was my own boss—"Free!" From finding material in the city, I adventured into some of the suburbs and soon was arguing a theory that in every small town the local correspondents of big newspapers were overlooking any number of "good stories." More and more extended grew my excursions. Usually I would take along twenty-five dollars and keep on moving until I "went broke." A journey no longer meant banquets in the dining car and a chair on the observation platform, as in days when the newspaper was paying my travelling expenses. Often enough I slept in a day coach, my head pillowed on a kodak wrapped in a sweater vest. The elevation was just right for a pillow. At the same time the traveller was insured against the theft of his most precious possession, a brand-new folding camera.

For the little snapshot box soon showed its weakness in an emergency and had to be replaced with a wonderful machine that had an adjustable diaphragm, a timing apparatus, a focusing scale and a front like an accordeon. One afternoon it happened that two hundred miles from the city and twenty from a railroad, the snapshot box had been useless baggage for two hours, while an anxious free lance sat at the crest of a rocky Ozark hill watching a cloudy sky and praying for some sunlight. At last the sun leered out for half a minute and the lever clicked in exultation. The experience enforced a lesson: "Learn to take any sort of picture, indoors or out, on land or water, on any sort of day, under black skies, grey or in brilliant sunshine." After I got the new machine, with a tripod to insure sharpness of outline, a piece of lemon-coloured glass for cloud photography and an extra lens for portrait work, I began snapping at anything that held out even a faint promise of allowing me to clear expenses. I photographed the neighbours' children, houses

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offered for sale, downtown street scenes and any number of the variety x-marks-the-spot-of-the-accident. When a cyclone cut a swath through one of our suburbs, I rushed half a dozen photographs to *Leslie's,* feeling again some of that same thrilling sort of confidence that had accompanied the first Irresistible Wedge. Back came three dollars for a single print. Rather a proud day! Never before had one of my prints sold for more than fifty cents. There were evenings after that when I meditated giving the writing game good-bye in favour of photography—and there have been others like me many a time since then. The wonder of catching scenery in a box and of watching film and print reproduce it keeps fresh and fascinating. In those early days of my adventures in photography an editor came very near the literal truth when he sarcastically observed: "Young man, life to you seems just one long undeveloped film."

Parallel with improvement in skill as a photographer, I developed a working plan to insure more profitable excursions. My interested friends among the editors and reporters remembered to give me hints about possible out-of-town sources of material, and I studied the news columns, even the Missouri and Kansas notes, with the avidity of an aged hobo reading the morning's papers in a public library. For every possibility I made out a card index memorandum, as,—

KANAPOLIS, KANSAS

Geographical centre of the country. Once planned as the capital of Kansas and the nation. Now a rock-salt plant.

And for each memorandum I stuck a pin in the State maps on the wall of my bedroom. When there were enough pins in a neighbourhood, I would sling my kodak over my shoulder, the carrying case strapped to the tripod, as if I were a tramp with a bundle at the end of a stick, and then away! Besides the material that I felt sure of finding, luck always could be trusted to turn up some additions.

I do not know yet whether what I discovered is a business or not, but it has provided me shelter and meals for three years with good enough clothes, and a two months' vacation in Europe. I might not, however, have been so successful in literary vagrancy but for a heritage of Yankee business sense in seeing and selling. Leaning over the parapet of a railway bridge one afternoon I watched a long yellow train with a particularly inviting variety of dining car glide through on the way toward Chicago. The vagrant in me thirsted forthwith for a taste of that train's quality; the Yankee found a way by discovering three good newspaper features in a neighbourhood along this railway's tracks half way across Missouri. 1. A town of only seven hundred population, with a daily newspaper. 2. A small city that still lacked street lights. 3. A school that had been painted and decorated by girl pupils.

Whereas reporting had begun to be something of a grind, the less profitable roamings of a novice free lance was a life that had colour and freshness. Sometimes, trusting in the little gods of the improvident, I was lured into the country by seeing on the map such a name as "Mountain Home" or "Osceola," and with no possibilities in mind would go sauntering from Nowhere-in-Particular in northern Arkansas to Someplace Else in southern Missouri, snapping pictures by the roadside to make the trip pay for itself. On one such excursion the collection was:

A set of pictures to illustrate an article on "How to Take Outdoor Photographs." (In *Outing.*)

An editorial at space rates on Arkansas shortcake. (*Collier's.*)

A folding, home-made boat for rapids. (In *Outing.*)

Grown men who play marbles. (*Technical World,* and three Sunday newspapers.)

Photographs of an old water-wheel mill and of a primitive log cabin in the

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woods; illustrated squibs on backwoods surveying, a two-nosed hunting dog, the tax of a bad road on a community that has no railroad, a prospector's tireless pony, a little on the genuine Simple Life and about some of the last of the "hill billy" people for Kansas City and St. Louis papers and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The trip cost $24.35, and has brought a return, to date, of nearly $200, not including the value of a five days' lark with a young Irishman who took the trip with me as a novel form of summer vacation. He found all the novelty he could have hoped for. After some truly lyric passages in Arkansas, when we felt positively homesick about leaving one town to go on to another, we reached a railroadless county in Missouri infested with fleas; and to get a discount on the stage fare on the thirty-five mile drive from Gainsville to West Plains—we had to have a discount to get anything to eat that night—we played the harmonica until we gasped like fish. The driver's soul was reached by either the melody or pity and he left us enough change to buy cheese and crackers.

Some happenings that must sound very much more worth while in the ears of the world have followed, but those first days of real irresponsibility rank among the choicest in a literary vagrant's experience. Encounters with a variety of editorial celebrities have been no whit more impressive than the discovery that Jerry South of Mountain Home, Arkansas, used to be lieutenant-governor; and though I spent a week one winter in London, before the war, I learned less of interest there than in Sabetha, Kansas, in a single afternoon. Sabetha furnished:

Half of the material for a motor car story, for *Leslie's*.

An article on gasoline-propelled railway coaches for the *Technical World*.

A five-hundred-word editorial on scientific municipal management of public utilities in a small town, for *Collier's*.

A celebrity sketch about a local philanthropic money lender, for *Leslie's*.

An account of some of the Kansas Amish, a sect something like Tolstoy's, for the Sunday *New York Press*.

Shorter specials on the money lender, the Amish, the gasoline coaches, a $40,000 hospital in a town of 2,500 population and a modern Kansas farm house, for Kansas City and St. Louis Sunday editors.

The profits were not always immediate, and until after I had worked many weeks at the trade there were serious financial backsets. To cite profitable trips this early is to get ahead of the story, but the time is propitious to remark that a country town or a small city very certainly is as good a place for the free lance (once he has training enough to be able to tell what is "copy" from what is not) as New York, Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco. Perhaps better. I often wonder if I would not have been better off financially if I had kept on working from a Kansas City headquarters.

I might have gone on this way a long time, fairly contented but for the circumstance that one day my journeyings extended as far as Chicago and I met there an old friend of college days. He had been the cartoonist of the college magazine when I was its editor. He wore, drooping from one corner of his face, an enormous pipe; an enormous portfolio full of enormities of drawing was under one arm, and dangling at the end of the other the tiniest satchel that ever concealed a nightgown. In answer to questions about what he had been doing with himself, he said he was not making out any better than most other newly graduated students of art. I argued that if Chicago did not treat him considerately, he ought to go to New York, where real genius, more than likely, would be quickly appreciated. And, if he did not mind I would like to invite myself to go with him.

We went. Now sing, O Muse! the slaughter!

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READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Applied Crafts

Handicrafts for the Handicapped. By Herbert J. Hall, M.D., and Mertice M. C. Buck. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25.

A system of teaching weaving, bookbinding, cement work, and other crafts for the afflicted.

Architecture

The Enjoyment of Architecture. By Talbot Faulkner Hamlin. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The æsthetics of architecture and its basic principles.

Art

The Gospel in Art. By Albert Edward Bailey. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $3.00.

An interpretation of the beauty and meaning of the masterpieces of religious art, covering comprehensively the life of Christ.

The Russian School of Painting: With an Introduction by Christian Brinton. By Alexandre Benois. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. $4.00.

A résumé for the American public with emphasis upon the social undercurrents expressed by the artists.

Biography

Davis, Soldier Missionary. By J. Merle Davis. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.50.

The biography of a missionary of the American Board, who was in Japan for thirty-nine years, also something of the history of missions in Japan.

French Etchers of the Second Empire. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. $1.50.

A popular period of etchers, viewed against the background of French life and letters.

The Life of Francis Thompson. By Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

A new and cheaper edition of the biography first brought out in 1913. The volume is uniform with Francis Thompson's prose works in size and colour.

The Life of Nelson. By Robert Southey. With an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A new edition.

The National Cyclopædia of American Biography. Vol. XV. New York: James T. White & Company. Illustrated. $10.00.

A comprehensive collection of biographies of America's distinguished men in all fields of life.

The Wood-Carver of Salem: Samuel McIntire, His Life and Work. By Frank Cousins and Phil M. Riley. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $7.50 net.

A review of the life and achievements of an eminent American architect and wood-carver of the eighteenth century.

Business

Government Telephones. By James Mavor, Ph.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00.

The details and the results of the experiment in Manitoba, Canada.

New Ideals in Business: An Account of Their Practice and Their Effects Upon Men and Profits. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Embodies the results of the author's investigation in the field of business. "Our New Workshops," "The Gospel of Safety," "Health for Everyman," "Experiments in Justice," "The Factory as a School," and "Our New Industrial Leader," are some of the topics discussed.

The Story of Trust Companies. By Edward Ten Broeck Perine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Especially their growth and development.

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Drama

Malvaloca. By Serafin and Joaquin Álvarez Quintero. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents.

A dramatic portrayal of Andalusian life.

Shakespeare on the Stage. Third Series. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

The third volume in a series in which the author aims to give a general view of the manner in which the plays of Shakespeare have been exhibited in the theatres of Great Britain and America from the time of their origin to the present day.

The Marriage Game: A Comedy in Three Acts. By Anne Crawford Flexner. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

A witty comedy telling how to be happy though married.

Told by the Gate, and Other One-Act Plays. By Malcolm Morley. Boston: The Gorham Press, Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

Six plays on domestic and social themes.

Washington Square Plays: Preface by Edward Goodman and Introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The text contains four one-act plays produced during the last two years.

Education

The Cliosophic Society: Princeton University. A Study of Its History in Commemoration of Its Sesquicentennial Anniversary. By Charles Richard Williams. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Shantiniketan: The Bolpur School of Rabindranath Tagore. By W. W. Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

An account of Rabindranath Tagore's school at Bolpur and of its effect on Indian civilisation. There is an introduction by the poet telling how the school came to be founded.

Writing the Popular Song. By E. M. Wickes. Introduction by Harry Von Tilzer. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. $1.25.

In *The Writer's Library*, edited by J. Berg Esenwein. A text-book on popular song writing.

Essays

A Fire in the Snow. By Charles Edward Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 50 cents.

An essay on Christmas.

An Apology for Old Maids and Other Essays. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. With a Preface by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The volume contains beside the title essay "De Senectute," "The Religion of the Past," "Credo Quia Possible," "On Being Ill," "The House of Sorrow," "A Forsaken God," "The Classics Again," "Literature and Cosmopolitanism."

Appreciations of Poetry. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by John Erskine, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3.50.

A compilation of further lectures by Hearn to his Japanese pupils, following the appearance last year of *Interpretations of Literature.*

Suspended Judgments. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $2.00.

An expression of the various afterthoughts and reactions both intellectual and sensational, produced in the author by re-reading his favourite writers.

The Circus and Other Essays. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00.

On contemporary subjects, reprinted from the *New York Times Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly.*

The National Being: Some Thoughts On An Irish Polity. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

The future of Ireland from an economic point of view as well as with consideration of the Irish character.

Fiction

Edmée, A Tale of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Molesworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

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A new edition of a book originally published under the title *The Little Old Portrait.*

Further Foolishness. Sketches and Satires on the Follies of the Day. By Stephen Leacock. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.25.

A new volume of the author's humourous stories and sketches dealing with peace, war, politics, literature, love.

Of Water and the Spirit. By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 50 cents net.

A short story of a woman's experience in Europe at the outbreak of the war.

The Child of the Moat. By Ian B. Stoughton Holborn. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $1.25.

An adventure story for girls.

The Novels and Stories of Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. 12 volumes. Cloth, $24; half levant, $48.

The *Crossroads Edition.* Each volume contains a preface written by an American writer or publisher who numbered Richard Harding Davis among his friends, among them being Theodore Roosevelt, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Gouverneur Morris, and others.

The Portrait of a Lady. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A reprinting in two attractive volumes of one of James's most notable stories.

The Vintage. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece.

A little incident of the Civil War, centring about the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The Unwelcome Man. By Waldo Frank. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.50.

The dwarfing of the spiritual side of an ordinary man by modern social taboos and inhibitions.

Ye Towne Gossip. By Kenneth Carrol Beaton. New York: Duffield & Company.

A reprint of newspaper stories typical of Metropolitan life.

General Literature

The Booklover and his Books. By Harry Lyman Koopman, Litt.D. Boston: The Boston Book Company. $2.00.

Essays on the physical make-up of the ideal book.

The Spirit of Modern German Literature: Lectures Delivered Before the University of Wisconsin. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

An essay in æsthetic and philosophical criticism founded upon an intensive study of the recent German fiction, poetry and speculative works.

Writing for the Magazines. By J. Berg Esenwein. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School. $1.50.

In *The Writer's Library,* edited by J. Berg Esenwein. A text-book for writers.

A Handy Guide for Beggars; Especially Those of the Poetic Fraternity. Being Sundry Explorations, Made While Afoot and Penniless in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. These Adventures Convey and Illustrate the Rules of Beggary for Poets and Some Others. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The author tells of his tramps through the South, of his unusual experiences, of the people he meets and of his reception in various homes.

History

Heroes of the American Revolution. By Oliver Clay. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25.

Appreciations with biographical data.

Termination of War and Treaties of Peace. By Coleman Phillipson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $7.00.

A comparative and analytical exposition with critical observations of the various methods of terminating the wars of history, and, in particular, of the legal status of peace treaties.

The Counts of Gruyère. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A romantic history of a quaint and delightful Swiss resort.

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The Early History of Cuba. 1492-1586. Written from Original Sources by I. A. Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A political history of Cuba, covering about one hundred years, and written almost wholly from original sources.

The Provocation of France: Fifty Years of German Aggression. By Jean Charlemagne Bracq. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.25 net.

A history of German and French relations.

Juvenile

Famous Four-Footed Friends. By G. C. Harvey. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The stories of great men's horses and dogs, with a certain amount of information concerning their owners.

Granny's Wonderful Chair and Its Tales of Fairy Times. By Frances Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

Fairy stories for the little folks all about travels through the fairy countries.

Handicraft for Handy Girls. Practical Plans for Work and Play. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Suggestions and instructions for making a great variety of articles from materials close at hand. There are chapters on "Carpentry a Girl Can Do," "Gifts Made of Paper and Cardboard," "Basket Making," "A Home Moving-Picture Show," etc. Copiously illustrated with photographs and working-drawings.

Indiana Authors: A Representative Collection for Young People. By Minnie Olcott Williams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.25.

Selections from the work of Indiana authors.

Pioneer Life for Little Children. By Estella Adams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated.

An historical primer.

Tell-Me-Why Stories about Great Discoveries. By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

All about great discoveries and inventions in story form.

The Boy's Book of Famous Warships. By William O. Stevens. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.60.

The stories of the engagements and commanders of the great fighting ships of all time.

The Boy Settler: or Terry in the New West. By Edwin L. Sabin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $1.00.

A tale of adventure on the great western plains.

The Children's Bread. By J. Edgar Park. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.

A collection of sermons for children.

The Three Pearls. By The Hon. J. W. Fortescue. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A fairy story for young children.

Treasure Flower: A Child of Japan. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

In the *Little Schoolmates* series, edited by Florence Converse. The story of a little Japanese girl who became a princess. The heroes of old Japanese legends play a large part in the tale.

What the Stars Saw, and Other Bible Stories. By Caroline Kellogg. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated.

Stories from the life of Christ simply told for young children.

When the Sand-man Comes. By Gertrude Alice Kay. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A book of tales for little children.

Medicine

A Layman's Handbook of Medicine: With Special Reference to Social Workers. By Richard C. Cabot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Popularised medicine with special reference to the needs of social workers.

Miscellaneous

Sacred Tales of India. By Dwijendra Nath Neogi. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated.

Stories from the folklore of India.

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Stray Birds. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.
A book of aphorisms.

Philosophy

Cosmical Evolution: Critical and Constructive. By Evan McLennan. Privately printed by the author. Corvallis, Oregon. $2.50.
The author's speculations and deductions regarding physical phenomena and scientific theories of evolution.

Poetry

The Poems of Robert W. Sterling. New York: Oxford University Press. 85 cents.
The collected poems of an English Oxford poet who fell in action.

The Singer. By J. T. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.
Poetry of character analysis and shorter verses on occasional themes.

The Voices of Song: A Book of Poems. By James W. Foley. With an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.
Poems sentimental and descriptive of Western scenes by a Western writer.

Thursday's Child. By Elizabeth Rendall. Bohemian Glass. By Esther Lilian Duff. Contacts and Other Poems. By T. W. Earp. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s. each.
Miscellaneous poetry occasional, lyrical and some for children.

Verses. By Hilaire Belloc. With an Introduction by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.25.
Whimsical and impressionistic poems by a well-known author.

Vio de Bordeaux. By Pitts Sanborn, and Nine Poems from a Valetudinarium. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. $1.00 each.
Poetry on modern, social and industrial topics.

Wheels. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s. 6d.
An anthology of contemporary verse.

A Hidden Well. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.
Lyrics and sonnets in the formal verse style.

A Stanford Book of Verse. 1912-1916. Printed for the English Club of Stanford University.

A Vagabond's Wallet. By Stephen Reid-Heyman. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 2s.
Poems along lines suggested by the book's title.

Alas! I am a Prussian. The Soliloquy of a German in America. New York: J. A. J. Tibbals.
An indictment of Prussianism of a somewhat sensational and prejudiced nature.

Andvari's Ring. By Arthur Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A narrative in poetry of an Old Norse Sagar.

Ballads: Patriotic and Romantic. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.50.
A collection of poems that have appeared in many contemporary periodicals. The author has often contributed to THE BOOKMAN.

Christus Consolator and Other Poems. By Rossiter W. Raymond. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.00.
Occasional poems mostly of a religious tenor.

From Idaho To You. By Laura Edith Darrow. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.
Descriptive poems of life and scenes in Idaho.

Miscellaneous Poems. By Michael Strange. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Poems of the spirit of youth.

Mystery of The Lady of the Casino. By David F. Taylor. Boston: The Gorham Press: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.
An ideal conception of a changing and peaceful Germany.

Oxford Poetry 1916. Edited by W. R. C., T. W. E. and A. L. H. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street. 1s.
Poems about Oxford College.

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Poems by Alan Seeger: With an Introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The collected poems of an English member of the French Foreign Legion, who fell in a trench attack. The earlier poems are lyrical in nature, the latter ones on current themes especially on the great war.

Poems of the Great War. By J. W. Cunliffe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An anthology of war poems. Among the writers represented are Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, Lincoln Colcord, William Benet, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, Hermann Hagedorn, Alfred Noyes.

Something Singing. By Margaret Perry. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00.

Poems describing the loneliness of the soul and the sacrifice that it must pay for companionship.

The Canterbury Pilgrims. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

The text of the operatic version announced for production by the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

The Jig of Forslin. A Symphony. By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.25.

A novel of adventure in verse form, based on the Freudian theory, that the reading of adventure furnishes an escape from the monotony of existence.

Feelings and Things. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00.

Short poems of childhood and interpretative of a child's mind.

Cat's Cradle: Songs Grave and Gay. By H. Stanley Haskins. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A collection of miscellaneous verses.

Neighbours of Yesterday. By Jeanne Robert Foster. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Stories in verse of the region in the Adirondack Mountains known as the North Woods. Grouped under the headings "Neighbours of Yesterday" and "Lumber-Jack Tales and Ballads."

Nina Jones: Her Book. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. $1.00 net.

A book of verses.

Fairy Gold: Poems by Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

Besides the title poem, a play in three acts, there are "Poems of Christmas," "Poems of Sunshine," "Poems of Vacation," "Poems of Flowers," "Poems of Fur and Feathers," "Poems of Little People," "Nonsense Verses" and "Poems of Fairies."

Religion

The Prosecution of Jesus. Its Date, History and Legality. By Richard Wellington Husband. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

A study of the trial of Jesus.

The Faith of Robert Browning. By Edward A. G. Hermann. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. 80 cents net.

An interpretation of Browning's religious spirit.

On Being Divine. A Baccalaureate Address. By Marion LeRoy Burton. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

Delivered by the President of Smith College to the Class of 1916.

Science

The Whalebone Whales of New England. By Grover M. Allen. Boston: The Boston Society of Natural History. Illustrated.

Volume 8, Number 2 of the *Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History.*

The Sexes in Science and History. An Inquiry Into the Dogma of Woman's Inferiority to Man. By Eliza Burt Gamble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

A revised edition of *The Evolution of Woman,* published in 1894. This volume includes added evidence to show that the conclusions arrived at by scientists to prove the inferiority of the female are not warranted by the facts which they themselves have elaborated.

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Sociology

Social Rule: A Study of the Will to Power. By Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

A demonstration of the author's theory that the primordial desire for superiority among men is being transferred to an effort to control nature and non-personal conditions through science.

Workfellows in Social Progression. By Kate Stephens. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.

A discussion of the theories and types of humanity influencing social progression.

Theology

The Ministry. By Charles Franklin Thwing. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

The attractions and the objections to the calling as well as the qualities needed from the point of view of the college man.

The Social Teachings of the Jewish Prophets. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25.

A study in biblical sociology.

The Belief in God and Immortality. By James H. Leuba. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $2.00.

From the psychological, anthropological and statistical points of view.

The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. Constantine Kempf, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75.

The lives of saintly men and women of the Catholic Church of our own times.

The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church. By the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John Walsh. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.75.

A thorough-going investigation in the form of question and answer, discussing the subject from liturgical, doctrinal, historical and archæological points of view.

Travel

Along the Rio Grande. By Tracy Hammond Lewis. New York: Lewis Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

The inhabitants and the country as described for *The New York Telegraph* during the recent Border troubles.

Twilight in Italy. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

A record of the impressions of peasant life and nature.

The War

The Deportation of Women and Girls from Lille. Translated textually from the Note addressed by the French Government to the Governments of Neutral Powers on the conduct of the German Authorities toward the population of the French Departments in the occupation of the enemy, with Extracts from Other Documents annexed to the Note, Relating to German Breaches of International Law During 1914, 1915, 1916. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents.

The Red Cross in France. By Granville Barker. With a Preface by Joseph H. Choate. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

An account of the Red Cross work in France.

Authority, Liberty and Function in the Light of the War. By Ramiro De Maeztu. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A sidelight on the causes of the great War from the angle of the conflict between authority and liberty—a conflict that has been steadily progressing from the Renaissance. A solution is offered in the functioning of social values.

When the Prussians Came to Poland: The Experiences of an American Woman During the German Invasion. By Laura de Turczynowicz. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

Experiences of suffering and struggle, and of her final release and journey through Germany and Holland to this country.

The Book of Truth and Facts. By Fritz Von Frantzius. Published by The Author: 122 South La Salle Street, Chicago. 50 cents.

A partisan's exposition of German ideals and of the German conception of England and America.

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At the War. By Lord Northcliffe. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A collection of Lord Northcliffe's letter, telegrams, cablegrams and other writings about the war.

The Stricken Land: Serbia As We Saw It. By Alice and Claude Askew. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

The authors were in Serbia before the war and during the great retreat.

America's Relations to the Great War. By John William Burgess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.00.

A discussion of America's attitude toward the belligerent nations.

The Growth of a Legend: A Study Based upon the German Accounts of Francs-Tireurs and "Atrocities" in Belgium. By Fernand van Langenhove. Translated by E. B. Sherlock, with a Preface by J. Mark Baldwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

A refutation of the alleged tales of franc-tireurs and atrocities perpetrated by the Belgian civil population.

Inside the German Empire 1916. By Herbert Bayard Swope. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

The correspondent of *The New York World* describes various phases of life and thought in the German Empire, observed during his travels in the last three months of 1916.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Albany, N. Y.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Atlanta, Ga.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Boston, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Buffalo, N. Y.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Chicago, Ill.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lion's Share
Chicago, Ill.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Dallas, Texas	When a Man's a Man	Just David
Denver, Colo.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Des Moines, Iowa	When a Man's a Man	Little Billy Bowlegs
Detroit, Mich.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Indianapolis, Ind.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Jacksonville, Fla.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Kansas City, Mo.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.	Kinsmen	The Lion's Share
Louisville, Ky.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Sailor
Milwaukee, Wis.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Romance of a Christmas Card
New Orleans, La.	Pleasant Ways of St. Medard	When a Man's a Man
Norfolk, Va.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide
Omaha, Neb.	When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows
Philadelphia, Pa.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Portland, Me.	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta
Portland, Ore.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
St. Paul, Minn.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
San Antonio, Tex.	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Seattle, Wash.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Spokane, Wash.	When a Man's a Man	Seventeen
Utica, N. Y.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Washington, D. C.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Worcester, Mass.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
My Unknown Chum	Told in a French Garden	Prudence Says So	The Rising Tide
Mary 'Gusta	The Wonderful Year	A Sheaf	The Leatherwood God
A Circuit Rider's Widow	The Romance of a Christmas Card	The Wonderful Year	The Bent Twig
The Wonderful Year	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Told in a French Garden	The Rising Tide
Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man	Men Who Wrought	The Worn Doorstep
Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	The Last Ditch	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Georgina of the Rainbows	Mary 'Gusta	Enoch Crane	Rainbow's End
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Georgina of the Rainbows	Seventeen	When a Man's a Man
Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam	The Turtles of Tasman	Somewhere in Red Gap
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Seventeen	Georgina of the Rainbows	Under the Country Sky
Just David	Georgina of the Rainbows	Seventeen	Penrod and Sam
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Prudence Says So	Georgina of the Rainbows	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Just David	The Wonderful Year	The Romance of a Christmas Card	
Penrod and Sam	Georgina of the Rainbows	Proof of the Pudding	King—of the Khyber Rifles
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Just David	The World for Sale	The Heart of Rachel
The Worn Doorstep	Hilltop on the Marne	Three Things	The Romance of a Christmas Card
Just David	Penrod and Sam	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year
Kildares of Storm	Enoch Crane	Penrod and Sam	The Wonderful Year
Mary 'Gusta	Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man	The Short Cut
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lady Connie	The Rising Tide	Chloe Malone
The Daughter Pays	The World for Sale	Kingdom of the Blind	The Sins of the Children
Georgina of the Rainbows	Prudence Says So	Dabney Todd	The Romance of a Christmas Card
The Romance of a Christmas Card	Just David	Mary 'Gusta	The World for Sale
The Wonderful Year	Kingdom of the Blind	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Enoch Crane
The Mysterious Stranger	Enoch Crane	When a Man's a Man	Brook Kerith
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Rising Tide	The World for Sale	Penrod and Sam
The World for Sale	Just David	Happy Valley	The Rising Tide
The Worn Doorstep	The World for Sale	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Fibble D.D.!
The Heart of Rachel	The Worn Doorstep	Penrod and Sam	Mary 'Gusta
Penrod and Sam	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Border Legion	Rainbow's End
The Bent Twig	When a Man's a Man	Tish	Penrod and Sam
The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man	Cappy Ricks	Magnificent Adventure
Rainbow's End	Magnificent Adventure	The Wonderful Year	Georgina of the Rainbows
When a Man's a Man	Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	The Worn Doorstep
The World for Sale	Penrod and Sam	Seventeen	The Leopard Woman
Mary 'Gusta	The Romance of a Christmas Card	Georgina of the Rainbows	Kingdom of the Blind

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
Reminiscences of a War Time Statesman. Frederick W. Seward.
O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
The Dune Country. Earl H. Reed.
Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. John Muir.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 662 and 663) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	306
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.35	235
3. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	83
4. The Romance of a Christmas Card. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) $1.00	78
5. The World for Sale. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	58
6. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) $1.40	55

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
The Border Legion. Zane Grey.
The Brook Kerith. George Moore.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lea.
Come Out Of The Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
A Circuit Rider's Widow. Corra Harris.
Dabney Todd. Frank Noyes Wescott.
The Daughter Pays. Mrs. Gertrude M. Reynolds.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.
The Dune Country. Earl H. Reed.
Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith.
Fibble D.D.! Irvin S. Cobb.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.
The Heart of Rachel. Kathleen Norris.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
Kildares of Storm. Eleanor Mercein Kelly.
King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
Kinsmen. Percival J. Cooney.
The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Little Billy Bowlegs. Emilie B. Stapp.
The Life of John Marshall. Albert J. Beveridge.
The Leopard Woman. Stewart E. White.
The Last Ditch. Will Levington Comfort.
The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Men Who Wrought. Richard Cullum.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Mysterious Stranger. Mark Twain.
The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
My Unknown Chum.
O. Henry Biography. C. Alphonso Smith.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. Grace King.
The Proof of the Pudding. Meredith Nicholson.
Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
Prudence Says So. Ethel Hueston.
Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
Reminiscences of a War-Time Statesman. Frederick W. Seward.
The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
The Romance of a Christmas Card. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton.
Somewhere in Red Gap. Harry Leon Wilson.
A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. John Muir.
Three Things. Mary R. S. Andrews.
Turtles of Tasman. Jack London.
Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Told in a French Garden. Mildred Aldrich.
Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras. Harry A. Franck.
Under the Country Sky. Grace S. Richmond.
When a Man's a Man. Harold B. Wright.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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